

THE
THIRTY-THREE MIRACLES
OF OUR LORD.

REV. A. R. BRADBURY, M. A.

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A. R. Brackbury

POEMS

ON THE

THIRTY-THREE MIRACLES

OF OUR LORD.

Amos
Rehman
BY
REV. A. R. BRADBURY, M. A.

AUTHOR OF

A POEM ON THE TRANSFIGURATION OF CHRIST, SERMONS ON THE TEN
COMMANDMENTS WITH THE DIVINE SERVICE AS IN THE
PULPIT, A CENTENNIAL ODE, ETC.

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THESE POEMS ARE DEDICATED TO MY FAMILY,

ALL OF THEM LOVERS OF OUR LORD.



PREFACE.

THE century fast passing away has been one of vast activity in missionary movements throughout the world. In the same great ratio has been the increase of the circulation of the sacred books of Holy Scripture ; wherefore authors, philosophers, and statesmen should draw their themes and illustrations more from these Great Thesauri of truths, since they can be so easily applied by those versed in the Bible, as can be shown in a single instance.

When Doctor Franklin was sent minister to France, he was invited by a French nobleman to dine in company with the English ambassador. As they were taking a glass of wine after dinner it was suggested each one should give a sentiment or toast. The Englishman led the way and gave :

“ George the Third, like the sun in his meridian glory, he is the admiration of the world.”

Then the French nobleman followed, and gave :

“ The Queen of France, like the moon in her bright path through the heavens, she enlightens and influences the earth.”

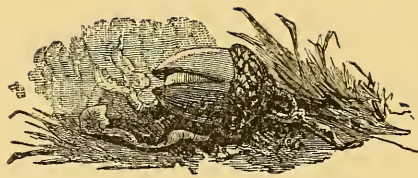
Now they thought Franklin must be in the shade. But Franklin, with great composure, took up his glass, and gave :

“ George Washington, like Joshua of old, he commands the sun and the moon to stand still, and they obey him.”



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I.

WATER MADE WINE.

St. John ii., 1-11.

Lo ! Who is He makes water wine ?
Incomprehensible, Divine :
His wonders vast, His powers unknown,
He sits majestic on His throne ;
He speaks : creation hears His voice ;
Unnumbered worlds in Him rejoice ;
In heaven His angels do His will,
His voice eternity doth fill.
He is the first, the great Alpha ;
He is the last, the Omega.
From whence He came, all is unknown,
Forever past, He sat alone.
Lo ! His great kingdom leaps with joy,
As hosts engage in His employ.
To Him they sing immortal songs,
For unto Him all praise belongs.
Lo ! they chant their sweetest anthems,
And dwell upon His sacred names ;
Hosannas through His empire ring,
While myriads praise Jesus, their King.
They gaze on Him with great delight,

As He throws off His crown of light,
 Dazzling with many suns like ours ;
 Off throws His robe, gemmed with rich flowers,
 Sparkling with rays of many suns ;
 On wings of love, down, down He comes
 To this vile world of sin and shame,
 That Adam's race might praise His name ;
 To show His miracles of grace,
 And so reveal His smiling face ;
 To show His wonders and His signs,
 Where earth's bright luminary shines.
 The first was wrought in Galilee,
 Where many, many guests could see ;
 It was upon a wedding day,
 Where all the guests were bright and gay.
 Christ with His presence crowned the feast,
 And every loved one was a guest.
 Mary herself was there those days,
 And sought to make them win His praise.
 So many came, soon went the wine ;
 She knew her son was all Divine :
 She comes and says, The wine is gone.
 Dear woman, now, let me alone,
 Just now I cannot work a sign,
 For now is not the fittest time.
 She to the servants turns and saith,
 Whatever you shall hear, have faith ;
 Believe, and do it right away,
 And you will find a welcome day.
 He saith, The water pots now fill,
 Let no one want a single gill.
 They filled them full up to the brim ;
 They did as 'twas ordered by Him.
 He, then, with language strong, commands :
 Draw out, and bear it in your hands

To the chief ruler of the feast,
 So he can give it to each guest.
 He tasted : 'twas the purest drink ;
 No alcohol to make one sink
 Down to the regions of despair,
 To dwell in woe forever there.
 The sweetest wine at first men sup,
 And then they drink the dregs all up ;
 But you have kept the sweetest wine
 Till the last moment of our time.
 This is the first *wonder* Christ wrought,
 And all His children He has taught
 That signs and wonders are His book ;
 On all its leaves they oft should look,
 And see what miracles have done
 To bless this sin-cursed world alone.
 Thousands of thousands felt their might,
 When Jesus was this world's great light.
 They drank the wine ; they felt the peace,
 When woes and sickness oft did cease.
 They gloried in the cross of Christ ;
 They gloried in His sacrifice.
 How beautiful this miracle ;
 How strong it does our minds compel ;
 Prelude the fittest to the rest,
 Though not esteemed by all, the best.
 Hark ! how it chants with sweetest voice,
 Aloud, aloud, in God rejoice.
 Hail ! thou forerunner of great deeds,
 For all the race in their great needs.
 Jehovah stamps upon thy face
 The image of His heavenly grace ;
 May it echo over all the earth,
 And tell its holy, god-like birth.
 How it ennobles common things ;

From them the richest treasure brings ;
 Transmutes the meaner into good,
 Transmutes the water into food :
 Water of earth to wine of heaven,
 The symbol of our sins forgiven.
 We see our heavenly Father's face,
 As through a shining looking-glass.
 We must adore His powerful skill,
 And magnify His holy will.
 We must admire His firm decrees,
 O'er all the earth and o'er the seas ;
 Poetical, some one has said,
 As though arose he from the dead :
 " The water saw its God, and blushed !"
 The water said, All still, and hushed.

This scene was wonderful to view,
 As 'twas a gracious interview
 Between the Saviour and His friends,
 Which they must hope would never end.
 So Jesus sanctions marriage vows,
 When done at home, or in God's house.
 He looked all down the future time,
 And saw it cursed as bad as crime,
 By priests who will profess His name,
 And spread abroad His wondrous fame.
 He honors this delightful pair
 With this great miracle so fair ;
 He furnishes the sweetest wine :
 In it His virtues do combine.
 Down the centuries it will come,
 Fresh, new, to bless our every home.
 Blessing the bridegroom and the bride,
 Forever with them He'll abide.

How carnal men drink the best wine,—
 Suppose all virtues in it shine ;
 Rejoice as though 'twas all of grace,
 And would all pleasures soon embrace ;
 Rejoice as though 'twas all Divine,
 And every virtue would combine.
 The world presents a glorious hue,
 Brings all its kingdoms full in view ;
 Their glories it does well display,
 They're naught but balls with which to play.
 Come, prostrate fall, and worship me,
 And all will I give unto thee.
 Your vast, capacious souls they'll fill,
 And all your noblest powers they'll thrill.
 Come, satisfy your longing hearts,
 For every good the world imparts,
 Sparkles this world just like the sun,
 In all its ways ; come, quickly, run !
 All paved with gold, each one you'll find ;
 This world has furnished all mankind ;
 No one is left without a home —
 This world bids every one to come.
 How bright its hopes ! How bright its joys !
 Although we know they're earthly toys,
 We follow on to cheat our hearts,
 Although we act the meanest parts.
 The world allures only to blight,
 And yet it keeps it out of sight.
 We cheat ourselves the whole day down,
 While we do wear a thorny crown.
 The rainbow on the clouds it paints,
 And when there is no sun it faints.
 And thus some years we pass along,
 And never see that all is wrong ;
 We drink what lies outside the cup,
 We drink, and drink, and drink it up.

Sin always smiles in its address ;
 When first it does our minds caress
 It wears a pleasing, smiling face,
 And cheers as you embrace disgrace.
 'Tis sweet as honey on your tongue,
 And rolls its music all along.
 And so it goes many a day,
 While you are thoughtless, careless, gay.
 And when you've drunk full well enough,
 Then you will drink the meaner stuff —
 Sin, guilt, and shame, with no relief —
 The stings of conscience, bitter grief —
 O'erflowing full will be your cup —
 You'll drink the dregs — you'll drink them up.
 The Lord will scourge you in His house,
 For there you'll never pay your vows.
 Oh ! all day long you'll pray for night ;
 Oh ! all night long you'll pray for light ;
 Distress and grief will break your heart,
 And yet from sin you won't depart.
 Fearful the vices of your life ;
 Bitter and angry is the strife.
 You cannot wipe you're guilt away —
 'Tis like the vulture for his prey ;
 Disturbs the sleepy hours of night,
 And casts a pall o'er all daylight.
 The pangs which never find relief,
 Heighten the woe, and every grief ;
 Pour fearful sorrows in the soul,
 O'er which no one can hold control.
 Oh ! who would live in such a frame,
 In agony, in sin and shame ?
 'Tis fearful to abide in sin,
 And be forever vile within.
 Satan is fearful to obey —
 To endless night he changes day.

Oh ! death to life each one would choose,
 If from all sin they could cut loose.
 They cannot cut from sin away
 If they drink wine from day to day.
 There is no chance for them well drunk —
 They will eternally be sunk.
 Jehovah's word locks all such up,
 To drink, and drink the bitterest cup.
 No ray of hope beams in their soul ;
 No ray of light can hold control ;
 Dense darkness holds eternal sway ;
 There never breaks one morning ray.
 Eternal gloom hangs o'er the place,
 And hides forever Jesus' face.
 No language can describe the gloom
 That well fills up the sinner's doom.

This first of wonders Jesus wrought,
 To show to all the deeds He taught.
 'Twas in Cana of Galilee,
 Where many sang their jubilee,
 Which oft rang through Jerusalem —
 Which angels sang in Bethlehem :
 Glory to God, the Lord, most high,—
 Came floating down the azure sky,—
 On earth be peace, good will to men ;
 Now let the saints all say Amen.
 Yes, let them shout it through the land,
 As many firm for Christ did stand ;
 As many loved His precious name,
 And spread abroad His glorious fame.
 It spread throughout all Syria,
 As well as tarried in Cana.
 There followed Him great multitudes ;
 To Him they raised great gratitudes

For miracles which He did do,
Which healed their bodies through and through ;
Which made them leap with greatest joy,
That no disease could them annoy ;
Their hearts with holy love did glow,
That Jesus could such wonders show ;
It showed He was the very God,
Who wrought such signs by Moses' rod.
It showed He was the King of kings,
Who to this world His glory brings ;
It showed He was the Lord of lords,
Who could such signs perform by words ;
It showed He was the Mighty One,
Who made the universe alone ;
That He rolls worlds in orbits sure,
And makes them evermore secure.
He is the very God of gods :
He is the very Lord of lords ;
Let all before Him prostrate fall,
He is e'er One, the All in All.

II.

THE HEALING OF THE NOBLEMAN'S SON.

John iv., 46-54.

O CHRIST, Thy works are vast and great,
They're wondrous, glorious, and complete.
They strike the mind with solemn awe,
Upwards, towards heaven the soul they draw.
They are the transcript of Thy heart,
Which they reveal in every part ;
Thy miracles a copy show
What Thine almighty power can do.
Cometh a nobleman in tears,
His heart bowed down with awful fears,
His son lies at the point of death,
That son can scarcely draw his breath.
A raging fever burns his flesh,
Though burning days, 'tis just as fresh
As when it seized his fleshly frame,—
Yes, doubtless more than when it came.
No earthly help can send relief,
No earthly help can soothe his grief ;
All efforts prove useless and vain,
He tries them o'er and o'er again.
No human skill can aid afford ; —
Then turns he to Jesus, his Lord,
Entreats, beseeches Him to come
And heal his son, down to his home.
His faith so weak, so frail, so poor,
He wants to see Christ at his door,
To have Him look on that dear son,
To see the work which must be done.
Would He but gaze on that dear face,
His love at once would him embrace,

He'd speak the healing gracious word,
 And thus all needful aid afford ;
 Fever would fly at His command,
 When He should lay on him His hand.
 In agonies the father cries :
 Come down, come down, ere my child dies ;
 O, heal my son, my son, my son,
 By Thee alone it must be done.
 O, soon to sudden death he goes,
 And brings on us these awful woes.
 To him, the Saviour meek replies :
 I cannot answer your sad cries ;
 For signs and wonders you must see,
 Before you will believe on Me.
 I cannot make such great display,
 While you are here only a day.
 The father ponders in distress,
 Looking to Christ, the Prince of Peace ;
 He could not yet on Him believe,
 And His sure word at once receive ;
 Jesus must see that darling son,
 Or else the work could not be done.
 Jesus could not heal far away,—
 Fevers would not His voice obey.
 Unless those fevers heard His voice,
 The sick in Him could not rejoice.
 Still gazing on the Son of God,
 Dwelling on every gracious word,—
 Yes, he stood gazing on the Lamb,
 And thought of His most precious name ;
 What he had heard in his own town,
 The mighty works His words did crown,—
 The father did somewhat believe,
 And could some words of Christ receive,
 Still in his heart he cried, Come down
 Thy presence would the sick room crown ;

The fever would fly quick away,
 As o'er my child Thy voice should pray ;
 Thy voice like music let me hear,
 Let it but strike my listening ear
 It would somewhat my faith increase,
 And cause my unbelief to cease :
 When will the gracious work be done
 Upon my sick and dying son ;
 Without control the fever burns,
 So he to dust will soon return ;
 Unless Thy power is soon revealed
 My darling son cannot be healed.
 Death will ensue with all its gloom,
 And he must meet his solemn doom.
 Where shall I find some sure relief,
 Which will assuage my poignant grief ;
 My soul will soon fall in despair,
 And I shall cease my earnest prayer ;
 I see my son's expiring eyes,
 All glazed, all glazed, soon, soon, he dies.

Then Jesus cries : Go thou thy way,—
 Thy son liveth ; he lives to-day.
 The father turns homeward his face,
 His darling son at once to embrace ;
 He knew the healing would begin,
 And health would instantly creep in.
 He did not think he would be whole,
 And health his body would control.
 So on his onward course for home
 He met his servants as they come.
 They tell him of the joyful news,
 Which fell on him like heavenly dews ;
 They tell him that his son is well,
 That health and strength in him now dwell :
 The fever has fled far away ;

Thy son is happy, joyful, gay.
 When did the fever leave my son?
 When was that work so glorious done?
 Inquires the happy father now,
 As all his servants round him bow.

O, yesterday at the seventh hour
 He felt the Lord's almighty power,—
 Reply the servants to their lord.
 As he amazed received their word,
 The father did remember well
 It was the hour when Christ's words fell :
 " Thy son liveth " ; then he believed ;
 And all his house Christ's word received.
 What joy through all that mansion ran
 As they thought of that wondrous man,
 Who by His mighty power could save
 A son next door to the dark grave.
 O, how they did exalt His name
 And spread abroad His glorious fame.
 That mighty work which Christ had done
 In healing that beloved son,
 Ran through and through the region round,
 And did the wisest men confound.
 The lips of friends broke forth in praise,
 And did their hallelujahs raise ;
 Hosannas often struck the skies,
 On wings of light their anthems rise.
 Peal after peal ran sweet along,
 While multitudes echoed the song ;
 Doxologies thrilled through the air,
 While concerts join in solemn prayer.
 The groves rang full of praise to Him,
 Who died to save the race from sin.
 Their symphonies struck every soul,
 As oceans dash, and roar, and roll.

III.

THE FIRST MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES.

Luke v., 1-11.

It came to pass as people pressed
To hear God's word, their richest feast,
Jesus stood near Gennesaret,
In which fishers oft cast their net.
A pleasant lake in Palestine,
Whose face with beauty oft did shine.
In this, two ships lay near the shore,
Where often ships did lay before.
The fishermen had gone away,
Washing their nets —a pleasant day :
Vast multitudes crowdéd to hear,
And gave to Christ a listening ear,
E'er since He took a mortal form,
And was of Virgin Mary born.
One of these ships He entered in ;
For soon His teachings would begin ;
But found He was too near the land,
On which the multitudes did stand,
To see His face, His words to hear,
And be instructed in God's fear.
Thrust out a little from the land,

That all may come near to the strand—
 Jesus to Simon thus did pray,
 That all might see Him clear as day.
 Then to the people He did preach,
 And many solemn truths did teach,
 They listened with intense delight,
 To hear about the world of light.
 His custom was to speak at length,
 To use His energy and strength.
 Doubtless He did the same that day,
 Though Luke, the penman, did not say.
 So, when He closed His wondrous speech,
 And ceased the multitudes to teach,
 Again to Simon He did speak :
 Launch out your ship into the deep,
 And for a draught let down your net,
 Into the deep Gennesaret,
 For there the fish in schools do lay,
 And in deep waters constant play,
 No use to fish so near the land,
 Or drive the ship upon the strand.
 Great fish are in deep waters found,
 And many, too, out there abound.
 To catch such fish is time well-spent
 Of working there none will repent ;
 The net will be crowded all full,
 And you'll rejoice, and be joyful.
 Then Simon answering, meekly says :
 We've toiled all night,— better than days,—
 And not one single fish we've caught ;
 In vain we toiled, in vain we wrought ;
 But at Thy word, I'll drop the net
 Down deep into Gennesaret,
 For I believe Thy gracious word,
 For Thou art Christ, the living God ;

Thine eyes can penetrate all space,
 Look far beneath the ocean's face ;
 And all the fishes Thou canst see,
 Unnumbered though to us they be.

So, when the ship rode in the deep,
 The fishermen their nets did keep ;
 Simon threw his into the sea :
 Wonderful, wonderful to see
 The draught of fishes he had caught ; —
 He labored none, and none he wrought.
 The net so full, at once did break,
 So they called to their friends to take
 Their precious load into the ship,
 And suffer not one fish to slip.
 Into the ships they pulled this freight,
 When both the ships, by its great weight,
 Began to sink beneath the wave,
 As though they'd make a watery grave.

When Simon saw the wondrous sight,
 And knew 'twas done by Jesus' might,
 Down at His knees he instant fell,
 While under this most glorious spell,
 Aloud he cried : From me depart,
 I have a wicked, sinful heart,
 O Lord, near Thee I cannot stand,
 Nor work with such a sinful hand ;
 I know I am unholiness :
 I know Thou art all holiness ;
 Thy works Thy purity do prove ;
 They are the works of boundless love ;
 They strike the wicked sinner through ;
 What can a sinner like me do ?

I am a wretched one undone
 All I can do or e'er have done
 Will never wash my heart all clean,
 Or wash away one single sin.
 Upon my heart the burdens lie—
 I fear they will until I die.

When Jesus said : Simon, fear not,
 Great fishes you have just now caught,
 Because you did obey My word,
 Believed I am the Son of God ;
 You shall henceforth catch sinful men,
 The gospel net shall bring them in.
 In this blest work you shall rejoice,
 With trumpet tones lift up your voice,
 Oh ! Thousands daily you shall win,
 And by My grace shall make them clean ;
 Rulers and ruled shall hear you preach,
 And yield to truths which you shall teach ;
 Yes, kings and queens shall you obey,
 And bend to your controlling sway ;
 You'll spread My name through earth abroad,
 And hosts will turn from sin to God.
 So when they brought their ships to land,
 And run them on the sandy strand,
 All they forsook and followed Christ,—
 Great was their human sacrifice ;
 For 'twas their all, all that they owned,
 As much as men who are enthroned
 On loyal thrones with honors great ; —
 Possessing all, makes them complete ; —
 For in their hearts they left their all,
 And yielded to their Saviour's call ;
 Yes, Simon Peter, John, and James
 Forsook their all, and won great names ;

To us, they come for ages down,
 With honors great, and great renown.
 So all men see what they must do
 If they would prove to Jesus true ;
 In heart their all they must forsake,
 And do it for Christ Jesus' sake ;
 Must set their hearts on things above,
 And Jesus Christ supremely love —
 Not for one week, one month, or year,
 But do it e'er with Godly fear.
 This wondrous miracle doth tell
 The eyes of Christ pierce down to hell ;
 They looked down in Gennesaret,
 And saw the fish to fill the net ;
 He knew there were enough down there
 To fill the net, and some to spare.
 He knew Simon would feel His power,
 Would feel his sins that very hour ;
 Would cry to be freed from them all,
 Lest in deep sins he soon should fall ;
 It taught him his unworthiness,
 And showed him his great sinfulness,
 As he had never seen before
 As he did walk along the shore.
 To see oneself — what blessed thing !
 Greater than see the greatest king.
 It makes us loathe our sinful heart,
 And wish from every sin to part ;
 To be like God in holiness,
 And be like angels in pureness ;
 To be prepared for realms of bliss,
 And live eternally in peace ;
 Where angels will adore God's name,
 Where ransomed ones will praise the Lamb.
 This lustrous miracle doth teach
 Christ's presence, saints may constant preach,

For if he dwells down in the lake
And will not fishes e'er forsake,
Creation he will never leave,
Nor angels will he e'er bereave.
His presence fills immensity,
He dwells in vast eternity,
The wheels of time will never stay,
Nor will His mighty power decay.
As He is present everywhere,
He must know everything that's there.
His knowledge is unlimited,
Nor can His power be limited.
Salvation, 'tis as free as air,
None, none, need die in deep despair.
Religion is the chiefest thing ;
'Tis brought to us by Christ, our King.
Christ tasted death for every one,
Then let each one to Him be won.

IV.

THE STILLING OF THE TEMPEST. .

Matt. viii., 23-27. Mark iv., 35-41. Luke viii., 22-25.

THE shades of evening hovered o'er, —
As oft they had for years before, —
The beauteous land, the beauteous lake,
Where fishermen their fishes take,
When Christ the multitudes dismissed,
Whom He in parables addressed ; —
(An episode I now bring in
Ere I this miracle begin) :
The first was sower and his seed,
Another of the wheat and weeds.
Another still of mustard seed ;
Higher it grows than any weed ;
Another of the leaven she took
And hid, prepared the meal to cook.
Another of a treasure found,
The finder hid beneath the ground,
When he did sell all that he had
And bought the ground where it was laid ;
Another of the richest pearl,
Making one grander than an earl,
When found, with it he was so glad,
To buy it he sold all he had.

The parable, the last He spake,
 Was a large net fishes to take.
 When full 'twas drawn up on the ground,
 Some good, some bad were in it found :
 So is the kingdom of the Lord,
 As Jesus teaches in His word.

- With teaching, doubtless, tired and worn,
 From the vast crowds himself was torn ;
 As darkness spread all o'er the land,
 Great numbers throng on every hand.
 A ship near by, Christ entered in,
 When his disciples followed him.
 When, lo ! A storm rose on the sea,
 Yet Christ the tempest did not see —
 For He asleep in peace did rest,
 And was by God supremely blest :
 Nothing without disturbs His peace
 When waves and wind within do cease.
 Although the waves in fury roar,
 And beat, and foam, and dash the shore ;
 Although the little ship they toss,
 Oh ! how the billows run across,
 And o'er the ship they boisterous roll,
 So that His friends could not control
 The ship amidst the furious blast.
 They stood amazed, yes, stood aghast,
 Then forth they rush to Him, they cry :
 Save us, we perish, soon we die.
 Master, Master, O for us care,
 Our precious lives, O do Thou spare.
 Jesus arose, rebuked the winds,
 And calmed their agitated minds :
 O, peace, be still, your fury cease ; —

At once the sea was all at peace ; —
 Why do ye fear, of little faith ?
 Why so alarmed ? — to them He saith.
 So they afraid, wondered to see
 What had been done, O Christ, by Thee.
 What kind of man is this — say they —
 That e'en the winds and waves obey ?
 When He commands them to be still,
 At once His words they do fulfil.
 They marveled at His mighty power
 Which He revealed at that blest hour ;
 It saved them from destruction sure,
 And doubtless made their lives more pure.
 So while we sail o'er life's vast sea,
 What inward storms we often see !
 The tempest howls like sudden squalls,
 We're held by satan in deep thralls ;
 The winds and waves tumultuous roar,
 Our eyes cannot behold the shore ;
 Darkness and tears fill up our eyes,
 And hide from us the sunny skies ;
 The heavens above are full of clouds,
 The storm at once our heads enshrouds,
 Jesus alone can calm each heart,
 And to our souls His love impart.
 In every gale to Him we fly,
 In earnest pleadings anxious cry.
 He meets us in each stormy hour,
 And grants us His almighty power :
 He never once rejects our prayer,
 But meets us always,— everywhere ;
 His all-sustaining grace bestows ;
 Our wants and needs He ever knows.
 We never take Him by surprise,
 His hand beneath us always lies.

He'll take us to our final rest,
Where we shall be forever blest.

This saving miracle doth show
The winds and waves their Maker know ;
They hear His voice, which they obey :
And yield to Him as potter's clay.
They lose their power, and calmly rest ;
As though they leaned upon His breast.
They manifested love and grace,
As though they saw their Maker's face.
They pitied all these friends of Christ,
And saved their lives by sacrifice.
Their lives they lost, others to save,
And keep them from a watery grave.
They manifested fear of God,
They knew His all avenging rod ;
This rod to Moses Christ did give ;
It blest all those who did believe :
But Pharaoh and the rest like him,
Did feel its power so sharp, so keen,
It drowned them all in the Red Sea,
So no one ever did them see.
These winds and waves obeyed His voice
And did in Jesus Christ rejoice :
They set a copy for our race,
That we should follow them apace.
This wonder, too, shows Jesus' love,
It had its origin above ;
Though He was weary, fast asleep,
He rose, and put the winds to sleep, —
He could not hear the cry of need
But to that voice He would give heed,
It broke His slumbers and His rest,

While He rejoiced to make them blest.
It shows His love and tenderness
For those who need His sympathies :
To do them good, He will awake,
Their sorrows in His heart He'll take.
Oh, blessed Christ, I love Thy name,
I love Jesus with all His fame.
Like as His friends, I will leave all,
And follow Him, though sorrows fall.
A heaven of bliss I sure shall gain,
And live in other worlds again ;
My joy will endlessly run on ;
While I, in other realms, am gone ;
My perfect life in bliss I'll spend,
A life which never knows an end.

V.

THE DEMONIACS IN THE COUNTRY OF
THE GADARENES.

Matt. viii., 28-34. Mark v., 1-20. Luke viii., 26-39.

JESUS displayed the eve before
Power when wind and waves dashed the shore ;
To winds and sea, " Be still," He said ;
When wind and waves were quiet laid ;
Yes, boisterous gales His voice obeyed.
The outward world was hushed to peace,
The raging elements did cease.
But now He comes, the Prince of Peace,
Will all the inward ragings cease ?
Can He restore the furious mind,
And make it peaceful, quiet, kind ?
Can He subdue the angry soul,
And all its stormy waves control ?
Can He its mighty wrath appease,
And cause its throes of death to cease ?
Can He the madder strife allay,
And make it calm with potent sway ?
To-day He enters a new field ;
To Him will demoniacs yield ?
The fiercest one flew from the tomb,
And rushed with might to Christ to come ;
For in the tombs he had his home,
And there allowed no man to come.

And when he saw the Lamb of God,
 He worshiped Him as Christ, the Word.
 Aloud he cried : O what have I
 To do with Thee, Son of Most High?
 Let me alone ; let me alone ;
 Thou never canst for me atone.
 I am possessed by satan's power,
 O, don't torment me, ere my hour.
 Hast Thou now come this work to do,
 And thus torment me through and through?
 For Jesus had commanded him
 At once to come out from the man.
 At first he did not Christ obey,
 But waiting still he did delay.
 No doubt but Christ could make him do,
 But sudden death might quick ensue ;
 But Christ delayed to hear him tell
 The very agonies of hell,
 Which heaved his bosom day by day,
 And made him to Christ Jesus pray.
 "What is thy name," the Saviour cries.
 "'Tis legion," the foul one replies :
 Many are we — the man is full
 Of devils, fierce, savage, cruel ;
 The Roman legion was a scourge,
 Their serried ranks pressed to the verge
 Of all the nations, far and near,
 And sent dismay, and grief, and fear.

But if thou wilt send us away,
 Enter the swine, let us, we pray,—
 For many fed the region round,
 And did the sea almost surround.
 Jesus permits them this to do,—

Thus pierce the swine all through and through ;
 The swine would not endure their sway,
 No, not one month, or week, or day,
 But rushed at once into the sea,
 And sent into eternity
 The devils, who woke up in hell, —
 Wonderful, wonderful to tell.
 Long, long before the judgment day,
 Their sins are brought in full array.
 Quickly away the keepers fled,
 When they preceived the swine were dead ;
 They told it in the country round,
 The city, too, where throngs abound.
 The story was so wonderful,
 The people filled the streets all full :
 They rushed like waves along the way,
 And none would for another stay :
 Anxious all were to reach the place,
 Anxious all were to see His face :
 They wished to see what had been done
 Upon the poor possesséd one :
 And when they saw him sitting still,
 And knew that Christ his mind did fill
 With peace and joy and heavenly light,
 They were afraid at the grand sight.
 And when they saw the swine had gone,
 And what to them had just been done,
 The loss the owners had to meet,
 They prostrate fall at Jesus' feet ;
 Forthwith they pray Him to depart,
 And go to some remoter part.
 Their worldly loss was very great,
 Two thousand swine were lost complete ;
 With them their Lord had been one day : —
 What losses, should He longer stay ?
 Their minds were filled with sad dismay,

Should He remain another day.
 The sooner from them He should go,
 The sooner would they flee from woe.
 For Him to flee anxious they were,
 Lest greater losses they should bear ;
 Lest wings their wealth should take and fly,
 Upwards beyond the azure sky.
 They little thought the good He'd done
 Upon the foul, polluted one,
 In casting out the demons strong,
 And showed him where he did belong ;
 Yes, placed him in the human race,
 For devils did him once disgrace ;
 They brought him down to hell beneath,
 While even then he dwelt on earth.
 They closed their eyes to everything,
 Except the losses Christ did bring ;
 They could not see the might of hell
 Was broken by the great Angel ;
 They could not see that good was done,
 By Christ, God's well belovéd son.
 So Jesus took them at their word,
 And their accursed prayer was heard ;
 For Jesus left them in their sin,
 To let them plunge deeper therein ;
 He turned from them and went away,
 Entering a ship that very day.
 The healéd man pressed up to Him,
 And begs to be taken within ;
 He wants to go where Christ shall go,
 Lest on him that terrific woe
 Should come again and drown his soul,
 When no one could this woe control.
 But Jesus would not let him come,
 But looked on him and said : Go home,
 And tell thy friends what has been done

For thee, by Christ, God's only son ;
 Tell them what mercy has been shown,
 Since many devils have been thrown
 Out of your heart, out of your soul,
 And there will never hold control.
 He left at once, and then began
 To tell what a most wondrous man
 Had all the devils from him cast,
 And what transcendent scenes had past ;
 What peace and joy had filled his heart,
 As devils did from him depart ;
 How he was clothed, his mind was right,
 And now the devils had no might
 O'er him to drive him from his home,
 And make him dwell in a dark tomb ;
 No fetters did he need, nor chains,
 For he was freed from all his pains.
 Ah ! every good had flowed to him
 Since Jesus Christ had entered in.
 He published in Decapolis
 What blessings now were really his ;
 In tombs he should no longer dwell,
 They were to him next door to hell.
 Beyond expression were his joys,
 They were not mean, like earthly toys ;
 No pen, no language could explain :
 All words were useless, empty, vain,
 To tell the joys which thrill his soul ;
 Or constant through his being roll.
 With wonder all the people gaze ;
 They see his face almost ablaze ;
 Enough, this man, he cannot praise,
 Who, him from such a hell did raise ;
 He far surpasses every one
 Who has his home beneath the sun ;
 Doubtless the men flocked now to see.

This wondrous man, who he might be.
 Thus Jesus' fame was spread abroad,
 By one whose heart was filled with God.
 Doubtless he sang his Saviour's praise,
 And to His name did anthems raise.
 He rolled the sweetest tunes along,
 And praises Him with loudest song.
 He did employ his earnest voice,
 And constant in Jesus rejoice.
 How much a man can do for Christ,
 Who'll make his life a sacrifice,
 Who'll give his time, his wealth, his love,
 In leading souls to realms above ;
 Who glories in Christ Jesus' cross ;
 Willing to suffer every loss.
 Sinners by scores he'll lead to Him,
 Who takes away this world's vast sin.
 He oft rejoices as he sees
 So many sinners on their knees ;
 And when Christ takes away their sin,
 And makes their hearts all pure within,
 Their joys and his can find no bound,
 With theirs angelic joys abound.
 So Harlam Page, that humble man,
 Who understood salvation's plan,
 Led scores and scores to Jesus Christ,
 Who cleansed them through His sacrifice.
 His soul leaped forth with boundless joy,
 That God used him in his employ.
 His peace did like a river roll,
 And pour, and pour upon his soul.
 So Doddridge led, in various ways,
 Hundreds on hundreds in his days
 To Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God,
 Who turned away His wrathful rod :
 Who made them heirs of perfect peace

In the eternal world of bliss.
 So Whitfield, that devoted man,
 Who undertood God's wondrous plan
 To save Adam's apostate race,
 And let them view God's smiling face,
 Led thousands to the mercy seat,
 Whom Jesus did with mercy greet.
 God washed away their filth and sin ;
 And made them holy, just, and clean.
 So Marks, who traveled this, our land,
 And did for God and Jesus stand,
 Led thousands from the wilderness .
 Into the path of righteousness ;
 Whom Christ prepared for realms of love,
 To dwell with Him in worlds above.
 So Payson, that most godly man,
 Skilled in Jehovah's wisdom's plan,
 Travailed in soul for sinful man,
 That all such might be born again,
 In heart and life be washed all clean,
 And be redeemed from death and sin ;
 Led thousands to adore the Lamb,
 And magnify His glorious name —
 Who ransomed them from death and hell,
 Wonderful, wonderful to tell.
 He and they chant anthems of praise ;
 And loudest hallelujahs raise.

VI.

THE HEALING OF JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

Matt. ix., 18, 19, 23-26. Mark v., 22, 24, 35-43.

Luke viii., 41, 42, 49-56.

AGAIN, across the sea Christ sails ;
Now all is peace ; there are no gales ;
Beautifully the ship now rides ;
Gracefully on the deep she glides ;
Back to Capernaum He comes,
Where oft He finds most generous homes ;
He calls this city now His own,
For in it He has long been known.
At once His ear was struck with grief,—
Jairus, a ruler, needs relief :
He runs to Christ, falls on his face,
And pleads for His assisting grace :
My daughter lies just near to death,
She gasps, she struggles for her breath ;
Indeed she is but just alive,
O, put your hand on her, she'll live :
I have no other girl beside,
O, stay the rolling bitter tide ;
She is yet young, but twelve years old.
Purchased she could not be with gold.
O, if Thou canst, do Thou help me,
Thy mighty power, O, let me see.
This tale of woe fell not in vain,
But to Christ's ear brought instant pain.

He then arose and followed him,
 Then His disciples followed them.
 Now multitudes His pathway throng,
 So, very slow He steps along ;
 He cannot pass the sufferers by,
 But heals them all who catch His eye ;
 Yea, more, a suffering one drew near,
 Pressing through crowds it does appear,
 For when she came near to His side,
 She felt the flowing, healing tide,
 As soon as she His clothes did touch.
 His power was great — 'twas overmuch ;
 For healing virtue went from Him,
 And made the woman whole and clean.
 So Christ was constantly delayed,
 For while in heart the ruler prayed
 With agonizing faith and grief,
 Hoping and waiting for relief ;
 With saddest news some friends did come
 From his bereaved and mournful home,
 Saying, Thy daughter is now dead,
 Trouble not Christ, her spirit's fled.
 They thought He could remove disease,
 And cause them all at once to cease ;
 But now she's dead no power in Him,
 To bring to life the dead again ;
 No power on earth can wake the dead,
 When the immortal soul has fled.
 Trouble not Christ, but turn and come,
 And visit your afflicted home.
 All this meantime, the ruler prayed,
 And kept his heart on Jesus stayed ;
 No fretfulness in him was seen,
 In Christ his faith had always been ;
 When Jesus saw his living faith,
 Be not afraid,— to him He saith :

Only believe ; only believe,
 And you your daughter shall receive.
 So Jesus called three faithful names,
 The honored Peter, John, and James ;
 Three chosen from the chosen band,
 Who several times stood near at hand
 To witness His almighty power,
 Which falls like an o'erpowering shower,
 To tell to all the world around
 What worth in Jesus Christ is found.
 With only these He hastened on,
 To see the father at his home.
 When they arrived the scene was sad,
 For every one who had been glad,
 A tumult made, both wailed and wept
 Around the corpse which had been kept.
 Says Jesus : Why make this ado,
 And pierce My spirit through and through ?
 The damsel is not dead, I say,
 She only sleepeth for a day.
 They laughed with scorn, they knew she's dead ;
 They knew for hours her soul had fled.
 Then He removed the scornful set,
 And took her parents, whom He met,
 And those three friends who came with Him,
 And where she lay they entered in.
 Then Jesus took her by the hand,
 And said in presence of this band :
 Damsel, I say to thee, arise,—
 When she at once opened her eyes,
 And rose and walked the room around,—
 When joy and gladness did abound.
 His fame forthwith spread all abroad,
 And many felt the power of God ;
 They brought the sick for Him to heal,
 Who did with them most kindly deal ;

At His command diseases fled ;
 He summoned back three from the dead ;
 His works were glorious on the earth,
 And thrilled some hearts with heavenly mirth.
 His footsteps could be traced below,
 Lo, many were relieved from woe.
 Joy, peace, and love followed His train,
 For many dead were raised again ;
 The deepest griefs He did remove,
 And fit for worlds of joy above,
 Where endless peace will fill the soul,
 And God will hold supreme control ;
 While ceaseless ages melt away,
 They'll reign with God in perfect day.
 'Twixt health and sickness there's no line,
 In each they often intertwine ;
 Like liquid drops they will unite,
 And blend in one like rays of light.
 In changing water into wine,
 Analogies around us shine.
 In feeding multitudes with bread,
 It multiplies before 'tis fed ;
 The leaven multiplies the meal,
 And works like medicine to heal.

O, what a gulf 'twixt life and death,
 No mortal eye can pierce beneath ;
 The mightiest outcomings of power,
 When death to life o'erules the hour,
 Are seen by us while clad in clay,
 And lift us up to perfect day.
 The might to make a universe
 We see, and would this might rehearse.
 When death is turned to life again,

And stagnant blood flows through each vein,
 'Tis wondrous, wondrous to behold,
 And makes us in our Christ grow bold.
 How inconceivable the might
 Which brings the dead to life and light;
 Which wakes the slumbering eyes to see
 Christ's glory, power, and majesty!
 Like Jairus' daughter hears the voice,
 Opens her eyes, does then rejoice.
 How does this mighty power break death?
 How does it bring again the breath?
 How can the dead lungs breathe again?
 How can the blood flow through each vein?
 How can the lips begin to move?
 How can the heart commence to love?
 How can the tongue begin to sing,
 How can it praise Jesus, our King?
 How can the hands handle mean things?
 And the soul laud the King of kings;
 How can the feet walk in the way
 Which leads to an eternal day?
 Where dwells in Christ this living power,
 Which pours in torrents like a shower?
 How can the mind bless Jesus Christ
 And magnify His sacrifice?
 How can man's spirit trust in grace,
 And glory in the cross of Christ?
 How can these things be? saith my soul.
 O, how can life the dead control?
 Who can explain this mystery?
 Who can explain Christ's majesty?
 Who can explain both life and death.
 And tell when we shall lose our breath?
 Inconceivable things are they.
 Out of darkness who can bring day?

Oh, these are questions I must ask —
To put such questions is no task.
To ask these questions I was born ;
I trust no one will at me scorn :
Though in this world while here below
The answers I may never know,
Yet God can all these deeps reveal,
For all these things He can unseal.
He is the great omniscient One ;
Before creation was begun
He lived in vast eternity,
And dwelt in His immensity.
He is now called Jehovah, Jove,
The mighty God, the God of love.
Let all before Him prostrate bow,
And everlasting honors show.

VII.

THE HEALING OF THE WOMAN WITH AN ISSUE OF BLOOD.

Matt. ix., 20-22. Mark v., 25-34. Luke viii., 43-48.

MATTHEW, and Mark, and Luke reveal
That Jesus did this woman heal ;
Who had been sick for several years,—
Sick in body, eyes full of tears.
Say these accounts, the act was done
As Christ Jesus was going home
With Jairus, Peter, John, and James,—
The chosen three distinguished names,—
To raise to life his daughter dead,
Whose spirit for some hours had fled.
Jairus, the father, led the way ;
Throngs upon throngs followed that day,
Curious to know what Christ would do
When He the lifeless corpse should view.
While on the road, this woman came,—
The sacred record gives no name,—
She had been sick for some twelve years,
Much had she suffered with her fears ;
On her, physicians spent their skill,
While pains and sorrows pressed her still ;
She spent her all, spent all her wealth,
Was nowise better, gained no health ;
Still growing worse from year to year,
When o'er her mind fell dark despair.

'Twas then she heard of Jesus' fame,
 For on all lips was that dear name ;
 Followed Him glory everywhere,
 The sick forsook their fell despair ;
 Joy and rejoicing filled each heart
 As they saw sickness quick depart.
 The spirit of the press she caught,
 While to her soul courage it brought.
 Her mind aroused to try once more,
 Though each time she had failed before.
 Through all things this urged her to press
 Till she should touch this strange man's dress.
 So through the crowds pressed she her way,—
 Could none stop her ; could nothing stay.
 Her faith it was to touch the hem,
 At once would she be healed by Him.
 This wondrous faith brought her to Christ,
 Although at no small sacrifice,
 For weak and feeble pressed she through,
 And soon her gracious Lord did view.
 Oh ! faith is the imperial power,
 It pours like an o'erwhelming shower.
 She touched His clothes with trembling hand,—
 Wondrous to tell, the scene was grand ;—
 Her face florid, was all aglow ;
 At once her blood did cease to flow.
 Health ran forthwith through all her frame ;
 The cure surpassed His glorious fame.
 Stolen, she thought she had this cure,
 So she must make herself secure.
 Among the crowds she hid away,
 No language can her joy convey.
 Since Jesus knew the act was done,—
 For forth from Him had virtue gone,—
 Forthwith He turned Himself about,—
 He knew the fact without a doubt ;

He knew her faith had made her whole,
 Had healed her body, mind, and soul.
 Who touched My clothes? aloud He cried.
 When all around Him had denied,
 His followers said : The throngs press Thee,
 And sayest Thou, who touchedst Me?
 The touch of faith His virtue tried,
 He glanced around, each one He eyed.
 The woman saw she was made known,
 Trembling she came the truth to own.
 Fell at His feet, the whole confessed,
 How that for years she was unblessed ;
 Had suffered much for twelve long years
 In pains, in feelings, and in fears,
 Had wasted medicines and skill,
 The plague remained and every ill,
 Had wasted all the wealth she had,
 And still remained a woman sad ;
 Nothing did give a moment's ease,
 Or cause a single pain to cease ;
 But now my touch, O, what a touch !
 If only all could feel it such ;
 Oh, what a world this world would be,
 If all the world could feel like me !
 To me, old things have passed away ;
 All things seem new from day to day.
 All things are praising Christ, my king,
 It seems as though the throngs must sing.
 Fearless she told Jesus her heart,
 And would not from Him keep apart.
 Then did her Saviour to her say :
 Thy faith has saved thee ; go thy way,
 Be of good comfort, go in peace,
 And I thy soul will always bless,
 Beware and keep thy faith all pure,
 And then thy comforts will be sure.

Let wisdom, goodness, faith, and love
 Be such as I can well approve ;
 Maintain communion with thy Lord,
 And keep His precepts in His word.
 Your health will give you time to work,
 And bear with joy my easy yoke.
 Now you begin the Christian race,
 Endowed with every Christian grace ;
 Depart in peace and onward go,
 Avoid the paths which lead to woe,
 And when you pass life's journey through,
 May you God's Paradise then view,
 And join the great angelic throng
 And God's seraphic armies strong ;
 And chant an everlasting song,
 And peal the tunes of praise along,
 While endless ages melt away,
 As you enjoy Heaven's perfect day.
 Oh, speak of mercies which abound,
 And of the Saviour you have found ;
 Remember this, His work of love,
 And strive to be like those above.
 Keep close to me in thought and word,
 And so fulfil the law of God.

The lessons taught reveal Christ's heart,
 And tell the love He will impart ;
 How He'll remove our saddest grief,
 And send us sure and true relief.
 Then let us love the things on high,
 Far, far above the azure sky.

VIII.

THE OPENING THE EYES OF TWO BLIND IN THE HOUSE.

Matt. ix., 27-31.

ALAS, how vast the suffering poor! —
In every house; at every door;
Ah! every tribe and every race,
What multitudes do they embrace!
We hear their wail, we hear their cry;
Upward it flies, it strikes the sky.
How true the ancient proverb comes
“Skeletons hang in all our homes.”
The blind among them find a place,
They occupy too large a space;
Their sufferings are extremely keen,
As nothing can by them be seen.
The world is closed against their sight,
It is like one eternal night.
The sun in vain does sow his rays,
All are alike — both nights and days.
The beauteous heavens no joy afford,
They cannot one bright star record.
Their life is one vast stream of woe,
Down its swift current they must go.
While on His way from Jairus' home,
Two blind men followed Christ along,
To Him they cry, O, pity us,
Thou Son of David, Christ Jesus.

Have mercy on us ; we can't see
 The way which leadeth us to Thee.
 Our bitter cup do Thou relieve,
 For we on Thee would now believe.
 Our sorrows none but God does know,
 As on we march, they constant grow.
 Our life is one continued death,
 We gasp, we struggle for our breath.

Our blessed Saviour heard their cry,
 And to their prayer made no reply.
 Walking along, He saw a home,
 To which soon after He did come ;
 Believe ye that I can do this,
 Open your eyes and give you peace ?
 Have you such strong, such living faith ?
 To these blind men the Saviour saith.
 They say to Him, Yea, blessed Lord,
 Thy power exceeds what we have heard.
 Their eyes He touched and to them said
 (As if to wake them from the dead) :
 As is your faith, so let it be.
 Opening forthwith their eyes, they see.
 Amazing joy filled both their hearts,
 As Egypt's darkness now departs.
 With inexpressible delight
 They gaze upon the world of light.
 With rapture they behold each scene,
 For never was one by them seen.
 Their joy cannot be well conceived
 Only by those who thus received.
 Jesus with great solemnity,
 Said, Let this deed a secret be ;
 Tell no man of this wondrous work,
 How darkness from your eyes has broke ;

In secret bless My holy name,
 And let it be your constant theme.
 But when they left the Lamb of God,
 And through the country quickly trod,
 They blazed abroad Christ Jesus' fame,
 And gloried in His precious name.
 They could not praise Him half enough
 For that peculiar, heavenly touch
 Which rolled the scales from off their eyes,
 So they could see both earth and skies.
 A constant stream of praise did flow
 From both their lips as on they go.
 The people wonder with surprise,
 That Jesus could unseal their eyes.

'Twas strange these men should disobey,
 And chose to have their sinful way.
 We fear Christ had not changed their hearts,
 Nor grace refined their inward parts;
 We fear they yet remained in sin,
 Impure, corrupt, sinful within.
 Although 'twas nature so to do,
 And spread His fame the country through;
 Yet grace should well subdue each heart,
 As Christ such blessing did impart.
 They should have yielded to His voice,
 And in their souls and hearts rejoice.
 They should have told no man the deed,
 But given to Christ implicit heed.

IX.

THE HEALING OF THE PARALYTIC.

Matt. ix., 1-8. Mark ii., 1-12. Luke v., 17-26.

OUR Lord was at Capernaum,
Teaching the people, showing them
What power and virtue were in Him,—
To heal the sick and cleanse from sin.
Through many towns they spread His fame,
From all these towns spectators came.
From Galilee, from Judea,
The doctors of the law appear ;
The Pharisees assemble there,
The voice of Jesus Christ to hear ;
Doubtless some came with good intent,
While others were on mischief bent ;
Some came to catch Him in His words
And show He was not Lord of lords ;
Some came to ridicule His name
And bring upon Him grief and shame.
What were their motives Jesus knew,
And to their aid He instant flew.
To some He gave substantial good ;
To many pure, diviner food.
No house could hold the multitude,
So round the house great numbers stood.
With mightest power Christ preached the word,—
Revealing might known to the Lord.
A sickly man was brought by four,

They could not reach the open door,
 Such multitudes pressed on the ground,
 So many cavillers thronged around ;
 They climbed the house, they let him through,
 That Jesus might the sick one view ;
 Their labor was immensely great,
 'Twas sure, 'twas good, it was complete ;
 Christ witnessed their undying faith,
 When to the palsied man He saith :
 Son, thy sins are all forgiven thee,
 Take up thy cross and follow Me ;
 Be no more sad, be of good cheer.
 I am thy God, no longer fear.
 Before the palsied cried to Him
 The healing virtue cleansed from sin —
 A bright example of Christ's will
 To bless mankind, and bless them still.
 The skeptics reasoned in their hearts :
 Ah ! who is this, such words impart ?
 He does blaspheme Almighty God,
 He does deserve His chastening rod.
 Who but the Lord can sins forgive ?
 Who can such boundless mercies give ?
 They murmured, and they quarrelled, too,
 That Christ, a man, such works should do.
 When Jesus looked into their hearts
 And saw the spite each one imparts ;
 When His omniscient eye did view
 What they designed with Him to do ;
 What murder reigned within each soul,
 If they could only Christ control ;
 If only a good time should come,
 They'd murder Him, God's dearest Son,
 He said to them, in accents clear :
 Which of the two is easier,
 To say thy sins are washed away,

Or, rise and walk along the way?
 I thus addressed the palsied one,
 That you may know I am God's Son,
 And that I can forgive all sin,
 And make the vilest soul all clean ;
 Such power He does bestow on me,
 That all the world such power might see.
 Arise, therefore, and take thy bed,
 As one arisen from the dead ;
 Walk on the road down to your house,
 And pay your morning, evening vows.
 Unto the sick man Jesus saith,
 As he perceived his mighty faith :
 Arise, take up thy bed, walk home.
 His house o'erjoyed to see him come ;
 Doubtless the rooms rang with His praise,
 Who did from death the palsied raise ;
 His home must thrill with heavenly mirth,
 Greater by far than at his birth ;
 Their neighbors lifted with surprise,
 Their voices high and struck the skies.
 The region round buzzed with the news,
 As thick as falls Mount Hermon's dews,
 The crowds around who heard Christ's voice,
 Amazed, confounded, did rejoice ;
 They say, to-day we see strange things,
 O let us praise the King of kings,
 And magnify the Lord of lords.
 That we have heard such gracious words.
 We never saw such things before,
 'Tis doubtful if we see them more.

X.

THE CLEANSING OF THE LEPER.

Matt. viii., 1-4. Mark i., 40-45. Luke v., 12-14.

WHEN Christ's apostles fled away
From persecution's burning ray ;
When once He sent them forth to preach
And all His wondrous truths to teach ;
Their gospel preaching He confirmed
With mighty miracles combined
To strengthen them in all their ways
And cheer them through their future days ;
So when he closed that great discourse
Preached on the mount with mighty force,—
Sublime and weighty every word
Announced by Jesus Christ our Lord ;—
Like avalanche on them it fell,—
Its vast results, O who can tell
As down the ages it shall spread,
By untold millions shall be read ?
So when the mount Jesus descends,
A leper from below ascends ;
He runs and kneeling worshiped Christ,
Bringing his faith as sacrifice.
He was diseased from foot to head,
Full of leprosy, almost dead ;
'Twas not a spot found here and there,
But covered him most everywhere ;
And O, the sorrows it begat
Language can never, never state,

Nor pen, nor pencil can portray
 Its agonies from day to day ;
 The woes this curse brought on a man
 No mortal skill can ever scan ;
 Doubtless he heard the gracious words
 Just uttered by the Lord of lords,
 And though diseased by sin, death's plague,
 He'd venture to Christ's mind engage ;
 And so he knelt at Jesus feet,
 As Christians at the mercy seat.

The Hebrew law drove every one
 From his endeared and sacred home —
 No matter what the rank might be
 He must endure this destiny.
 Miriam was driven from the camp,
 God did this curse on her enstamp ;
 She could not with her brothers stay,
 Even with Moses, not one day ;
 Nor with the congregation be,
 Since she joined in the mutiny :
 For she was leprous, white as snow,
 Which for her sin God did bestow.
 Such judgments on some wicked fell,—
 'Tis awful, wonderful to tell.
 Ah ! King Uzziah could not stay,
 For leprous he became one day ;
 He must depart from house and home
 And dwell 'mid scenes, remote, alone.
 Design God did to impress all.
 This curse like sin our frames inthrall ;
 It crept all o'er their mortal frame
 When to decay their bodies came.
 So sin seizes the precious soul,
 And holds o'er it supreme control.
 Some say, you'll catch the direful plague,

And thus in all your powers 'twill rage.
 Others deny its spreading powers,
 And say 'tis not like falling showers ;
 Contagious it was never known,
 As can at once be clearly shown :
 The priests examined every case
 And never took the woe disease,
 Took no preventatives to shun
 The deadly poison ; when begun
 On any man, in tent, or home,
 Who to his priest forthwith should come,
 Required was he to see the man,
 He had the whole disease to scan.
 Yet not one priest had the disease,
 Or ever called his work to cease ;
 Which is an argument to show
 This plague from man to man wont flow.
 The stranger was not set aside,
 Though this disease flowed like a tide.
 O, he could dwell safe in a house,
 He was not bound by Jewish vows,—
 He was not taught how sin did rage,
 How leprosy killed every age.

This leper saw the Prince of life,
 And though his leprosy was rife,
 He ventured near and spoke to Him :
 " If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean."
 Jesus was moved with tenderness,
 And offered him complete release :
 Reached forth his hand and touching him,
 Quick He spoke, " I will : Be thou clean."
 From him, the plague instantly fled,
 He was like one raised from the dead ;
 So he was made completely whole,
 As well his body as his soul ;

At once Christ sent him far away :
 Be peaceful, quiet ; go thy way ;
 Since thou art healed, offer the things
 Commanded by the King of kings ;
 As ordered by the holy priest
 Fail not to do, e'en to the least,
 As a sure witness against them,
 Who walk in all the ways of sin.
 But he ran forth and blazed abroad
 The wonder works of Christ, the Lord ;
 How He was cleansed from leprosy
 And healed of that dire malady ;
 How Jesus Christ could heal each plague
 On every man, of every age ;
 Could conquer every death disease,
 And cause its ravages to cease.
 The man was thrilled with gay delight,
 Since he was healed by Jesus' might ;
 He acted like a man insane,
 He was so wild, so gay, so vain.
 To see the man, multitudes rushed,
 Around like merry bees they buzzed.
 He gloried in his Saviour's name,
 And loud proclaimed His wondrous fame.
 He flew through all the region round,
 And told what a dear friend he'd found.
 He stirred the people through the town,
 As hurricanes sweep all things down ;
 Great numbers ran to see the Lord,
 And hear His gracious healing word.
 Some brought their sick for Him to heal,
 And kindly with their souls to deal ;
 Some made such uproars in the place,
 That Jesus had to fly apace ;
 In desert places then He came,—
 With Him the sick, the deaf, the lame.

XI.

THE HEALING OF THE CENTURION'S
SERVANT.

Matt. viii., 5-13. Luke vii., 1-10.

WHEN Jesus ended His discourse
Which He had preached with mighty force —
He ceased to speak those gracious words,
Which rang like tunes on harpsichords,—
He came into Capernaum,
Where pleasant homes were given Him.
At once a captain met Him there,
Who wished Christ's mercy then to share ;
He had a servant near to death,
Who, weak, could scarcely draw his breath ;
Who, when he heard of Jesus' fame,
Sent Jewish Elders in his name,
Beseeching Him to heal his slave,
And save him from a sudden grave.
And when they to Messiah came,
Instant they cried saying the same :
O, come and heal the captain's slave,
And from a sudden death him save ;
The captain is a worthy man,
Scarce all his labors can you scan.
He loves our nation very much,
He built a synagogue, O such
An one you very seldom see ;
'Tis just the thing ; the seats all free.
Its symmetry you would admire,
Its beauty strikes the eye with fire ;

We have enjoyed God's worship there,
 Engaged in preaching, praise, and prayer.
 Then with them Jesus journeyed on,
 And when they came most to his home,
 He sent some friends to say to Him :
 Trouble not thyself ; come not in ;
 I am not fit to see thy face,
 Or have Thee my poor soul embrace ;
 I am polluted, sick in sin,
 Wholly defiled without, within ;
 Thou canst not find one holy spot,
 Like leprosy, I am one blot ;
 But Thou art holy, just, and good,
 Dost fill the universe with food.
 Now speak the word, my slave shall live,
 And all the praise to Thee I'll give,
 For I am in authority ;
 Some soldiers are placed under me ;
 To one, I say : Go thou this way,
 At once he starts without delay ;
 While to another, Come, I say,
 He comes, he dares not disobey.
 So to my servant oft I say :
 Here do this thing ; do it to-day ;
 All are obedient to my will,
 And all my orders they fulfill ;
 They're trained with strictest skill and care,
 To disobey they do not dare.
 Just as the heavenly hosts obey,
 And faithful serve you every day ,
 Just as the holy Cherubim,
 And all the holy Seraphim,
 Thy boundless mercies do adore,
 And praise Thy name forevermore,
 They cast their crowns before Thy throne,
 And worship Christ, the Lord alone.

When Jesus heard these gracious words,
 And knew he loved the Lord of lords ;
 To them who followed Him He saith :
 I have not found such wondrous faith
 In all the land of Israel,
 Where all the Jewish peoples dwell.
 Many, I say to you, shall come
 From east and west, and find a home ;
 With patriarchs they shall sit down,
 With Abraham receive their crown,
 With Isaac, Jacob, enter heaven
 With all their sins and crimes forgiven ;
 They will rejoice in endless joy,
 And find in heaven their blest employ ;
 They'll chant redemption's joyful song,
 And roll hosannas loud along ;
 They'll make the heavenly arches ring
 With sweetest anthems to their King ;
 They'll spend eternity in bliss,
 Bathed in a sea of perfect peace ;
 While endless cycles roll around,
 In blissfulness they will abound ;
 While endless ages melt away,
 They'll chant their noblest, sweetest lay ;
 While children of the kingdom down
 To blackness, darkness shall be thrown ;
 There shall be wailing, weeping more
 Than any one e'er thought before ;
 That world of sorrows and of woes
 Is filled with angry, hostile foes ;
 In hell, the false archangel reigns,
 And binds his slaves in iron chains ;
 Each year their sorrows multiply,
 For there they never, never die.

Then Jesus said : Go thou thy way,
 It shall be done as thou didst say.

Then as the captain did believe,
So he in mercy did receive.
The slave was healed that selfsame hour,
By Jesus Christ's almighty power.
Doubtless much joy ran through that home,
When healing virtue to it come.
Both master and his slave rejoice,
And lift on high their happy voice ;
Their neighbors, too, join in the joy,
And find a day of sweet employ.
Doubtless their songs rang o'er the plains,
In loudest, most exultant strains ;
The hills and mountains echoed loud
With hallelujahs from the crowd ;
The groves and fields caught up the song,
And rolled the notes of joy along.
All persons caught his sparkling eye —
To see his servant would not die.
Lo, joined the soldiers the parade,
Which their centurion had made.
Their warlike music, tuned to peace,—
It seemed as though 'twould never cease.
His prayer and praises struck the sky,
Though once he knew not God Most High ;
He'll enter heaven, his perfect home,
While others sink to endless doom.
A heathen saved,— wondrous to tell,—
While Christian-born shall sink to hell.
The children of the kingdom die,
Who never sought the Lord Most High ;
Out into darkness they are cast,
Where weeping will endlessly last.

XII.

THE DEMONIAK IN THE SYNAGOGUE OF
CAPERNAUM.

Mark i., 23-28. Luke iv., 33-37.

ONE Sabbath day,— as Christ was wont,—
Within the synagogue He went
To preach the word, and press along
Amid a thoughtful, serious throng.
He so impressed each anxious soul
O'er whom He held supreme control,
That saints praised Him with great delight,
For truths which gave them an insight
To all the blissfulness above,
In that eternal world of love,
Where peace and joy forever reign,
And loudest songs roll o'er its plain.

So when Christ closed His long discourse,
Which He had preached with mighty force,
A man with heart and soul unclean,
Cries out: Jesus, Thou Nazarene,
Do not kill us, let us alone ;
Thou never canst for us atone ;
We are a race beyond all hope,
We can't be saved, God gives us up
To endless woes, to endless grief,
And never sends the least relief,
Nor will, while endless ages roll,
For over us He holds control ;
A Saviour He will not provide
For none the human race beside.

Our doom is fixed, our home is hell,
 And there forever we must dwell.
 Then what have we to do with Thee,
 Thou Jesus Christ of Galilee?
 Us to destroy, O, hast Thou come?
 To send us down to our dark home?
 To live in pain, in woes to dwell,
 Which language has no power to tell?
 Thou art Jesus, the Son of God,
 The golden city Thou hast trod,
 Long, long before Thine advent came,
 Or Jesus was Thy precious name.

Jesus was grieved such things to hear
 From wicked lips, which had no fear ;
 Which would torment the human race,
 And enter all they could embrace ;
 Sending deep woes in every soul,
 O'er whom He holds supreme control.
 Then Christ, rebuking the unclean,
 Said : " Hold thy peace ; come out of him.
 So when the unclean tore the man,
 Out of him came and instant ran,
 Leaving the man unhurt, all whole,
 For Jesus held supreme control.
 Earth has not recognized her King,
 She has not done so wise a thing.
 Him heaven and hell alike confess,
 He is the King of righteousness ;
 Archangels bow before His throne,
 And worship Christ, their Lord alone ;
 The cherubim and seraphim
 Adore His name and worship Him ;
 And all the heavenly hosts adore,
 And praise their King forevermore ;
 Devils believe, and tremble too,

For they well knew the world of woe ;
 For they endured its awful fears
 Perhaps a thousand, thousand years.

Amazement seized the happy throng,
 As they unconscious pressed along,
 Astonished at the glorious scene
 Which had by them to-day been seen.
 So overjoyed by what they saw
 They pressed toward Christ, and near Him draw,
 They questioned what new thing is this?
 What doctrine this? 'Tis new to us.
 He speaks — spirits unclean obey.
 O, we have seen strange things to-day.
 They then proclaimed his mighty power,
 Which they had seen many an hour ;
 His fame flew through all Galilee,
 They chanted songs of jubilee ;
 His praise is on the lips of all,
 And multitudes before Him fall.
 The earth again rang with His praise,
 As they their hallelujahs raise,
 His works declare His glorious name,
 And still augment His wondrous fame ;
 Christ Jesus is the same to-day,
 As was His glory yesterday.

XIII.

THE HEALING OF SIMON'S WIFE'S MOTHER.

Matt. viii., 14-17. Mark i., 29-31. Luke iv., 38-39.

AFTER the mighty power displayed,
Within the synagogue Christ stayed ;
Then He arose and left the place,
His other friends soon to embrace.
He entered Simon Peter's home,
Where Andrew, James, and John had come.
He found the house in deep distress,
Sorrows and griefs, with sore disease.
Simon's wife's mother sick did lie,
Burning with fever raging high ;
What skill was used was all in vain,
Nothing could heal the aching pain.
They told Him of their deep distress,
How she was taken with disease ;
A raging fever laid her low,
At once He must His power bestow.
For unless He, her life should save,
She'd soon lie silent in the grave ;
They earnestly besought her life,
For she's the mother of Simon's wife,
She is the light of our dear home,
Happy are we, in time you've come ;
Now speak the word and she will live,

Then many, many will believe ;
 At once the voice of Christ was heard
 Stilling the waves which loudly roared,
 With strong rebukes the fever fled ;
 When she arose as from the dead,
 And ministered unto the saints,
 Who joyfully left their complaints.
 What supreme joy ran through that house,
 As every one paid all his vows ;
 How wept each one with tearful eyes,
 As he gazed on the azure skies.
 So saints should minister to all
 The sin-sick, ruined by the fall ;
 Should lead them to the Lamb of God,
 Who'll take them on the star-paved road,
 Who will their numerous sins forgive,
 If they will but on Him believe,
 And true repent of every sin,
 And all at once new lives begin.
 What blessings would the Saviour give
 To many who in sin do live ;
 He'd heal the bodies of disease,
 And cause all sicknesses to cease.
 All gazed upon Him with surprise,
 As a true herald from the skies ;
 The signet sure He held in hand
 That He hailed from the Beulah land.
 Such miracles were never done
 By any one beneath the sun ;
 Such glories never, never shone,
 As poured from Christ's celestial throne.
 Amazement siezed the throngs around,
 And did all men their hearts confound.
 They could not understand the sight,
 Which made diseases fly with might.
 Christ looked like every other man,

Sedate, quiet, composed, and plain.
 He boasted not of what He'd do,
 But wrought His wonders strange and true.
 It was to bless the poor sick ones,
 And cause them to become His sons ;
 To cause them to prepare to die,
 And meet Him in the realms on high.

No other plan had He in view
 Than to heal men and them rescue
 From Satan's grasp, from Satan's hold,
 And make them in His service bold.
 The throngs who saw His wondrous power
 Fall on the sick like copious shower,
 Rejoiced with joy exceeding great,
 That Jesus Christ could hell defeat.
 They oft were frantic with delight,
 Cried loud hosannas with their might ;
 Wished to make Christ their princely King,
 And cause their anthems loud to ring.
 Such multitudes did crowd the way,
 As hedged His path and caused delay.
 Then He would work some mighty cure,
 Which would startle even the pure.
 The hills would then echo with praise,
 As men their hallelujahs raise.
 Doxologies most sweet would roll
 And thrill the heart, the mind, the soul.
 Such scenes on earth were never shown,
 As those in Palestine were known.

XIV.

THE RAISING OF THE WIDOW'S SON.

Luke vii., 11-16.

THROUGH Galilee our Saviour walked,
As wont, on heavenly themes He talked ;
As on He marched through street and town,
The sun the highest cliffs did crown ;
These painted cliffs flashed bright as gold,—
Their beauties yet remain untold.
He visited the town of Nain,
At its wide gates He met a train,
An only son, a widow mourns,
As he upon a bier was borne.
Ah ! who can paint the widow's grief,
An only son brings no relief ;
With deep compassion Christ was moved,
The mourning widow Jesus loved ;
He speaks to her : Weep not, weep not ;
For consolations will be brought ;
Thy son to life again shall rise,
His soul return beneath the skies.
All they who bore him then stood still,
Anxious his mandate to fulfil.
He touched the bier ; what touch was that ?

It was His infinite fiat :
 Young man, I say, to thee, Arise.
 He that was dead opened his eyes ;
 He then sat up ; began to speak,
 What beauties flushed his livéd cheek ?
 What inexpressible delight
 Banished her grief as streams of light.
 As when Aurora sows her rays
 And introduces brighter days,
 Christ rouses from the bier, the dead,
 As other men rise from their bed ;
 For He the resurrection is ;
 The life, the way, the truth are His.
 How wide, how wide Jesus' "Weep not"
 From earthly comforters' "Weep not."
 For he can bring complete relief,
 While they can merely soothe one's grief.

Jesus presented that dear son
 Alive again, a happy one.
 To that fond mother whose joy-soul
 Could not her feelings now control ;
 Tears of pure joy suffused her eyes,
 As gentle dew on Hermon lies ;
 With kisses fondest his cheek she presse d,
 And tenderly she him caressed ;
 She gazed upon him with delight,
 Refused to have him out of sight.
 My son, my son, she constant cries,
 O, I'm deceived. My eyes, my eyes.
 Are you alive? Is this my son?
 Who is the man this deed has done ?
 Where can I find that blessed one,
 Who has my heart, my feelings won ?
 I'd pour the wealth of my whole soul,—

My feelings I cannot control ;
 I'd praise Him with unwavering tongue,
 And roll the sweetest tunes along ;
 I'd thrill my house with anthems long,
 For to Him anthems must belong ;
 I now believe we all shall rise,
 And go to judgment o'er the skies ;
 Such mighty power can raise the race,
 As well as only one embrace.

On all a holy fear now fell,
 And held them in an entranced spell ;
 They praised, they glorified the Lord ,
 They spread with joy His name abroad ;
 The air with His great fame was filled,
 With bliss was every heart now thrilled ;
 A prophet great is risen up,
 For us he is a firm support ;
 The greatest prophets raised the dead
 In olden times, by God's great aid ;
 But here is one, who raised the dead,
 By His own power without God's aid.
 His people God a visit pays,
 In our own times, in these last days.
 The multitudes now loud exclaim,
 And everywhere aloud proclaim
 That God has visited His saints,
 O let them leave their sad complaints ;
 Believe in him with living faith,
 And serve him with their latest breath.

XV.

THE HEALING OF THE IMPOTENT MAN
AT BETHESDA.

John v., 1-16.

THE Jews, as wont, held their great feast,
To which our Lord came, not as guest,
But with His heart burning with love,
To fit men for the courts above.
The feast was in Jerusalem,
For men are few in Bethlehem ;
Great centres draw the crowds along,
For to these feasts great crowds will throng.
Near to the city there's a pool,
With healing waters pure and cool ;
The Hebrews call it Bethesda,—
The house of mercy. Every day
In its five porches many lay,—
Weak, blind, halt,— waiting day by day
For an angel the pool to stir,
And trouble the healing water,
For whosoever then stepped in
Was healed of all disease but sin.
A sickly man for several years,
Lay at the pool with many fears ;
The length of time he there had been
Is not so very clearly seen ;

To step within, none gave him aid,
 He was as one already dead ;
 Him Jesus saw in this sad case,
 Knew very well his sore disease,
 Knew he was sick in frame and soul.
 Sick man,— He said,— wilt thou be whole?
 He said : Before I can step in
 Another does, and is made clean.
 Useless it is for me to try,
 I must lay here until I die.
 Saith Christ : Rise up, and take thy bed,
 And walk. He rose as from the dead.
 Christ healed the man, the Sabbath day,
 As He was walking on the way.
 The Jews saw him and sternly said :
 You must by no means take your bed ;
 You break Jehovah's sacred laws ;
 And wound His holy, precious cause.
 He said : The man who made me whole
 In body, mind, and heart, and soul,
 Told me to rise and take my bed,
 And I shall do as He hath said.
 My health and life on Him depend,
 Him shall I follow to the end.
 Who is this man — to him they said ; —
 That said to thee, Take up thy bed
 And walk? The healed man did not know.
 In the crowd walked Christ Jesus slow ;
 Conveyed himself amidst the throng,
 And silently journeyed along.
 He would not make a grand display,
 Wherefore silent he walked away.
 Within the temple Christ found him,
 His heart aglow with joyful hymn,
 Behold, whole art thou ; sin no more .

Lest there fall on thee, now in store,
 Something worse, saith the Lamb of God,
 Who just now spoke the mighty word
 Which gave him strength to bear his bed,
 And raised him from among the dead.
 Then to the Jews the healed man said,
 'Tis Christ who bid me bear my bed,
 And by whose spirit I am led,
 And by His manna I am fed.
 'Tis Jesus whom the people praise,
 And to Him hallelujahs raise.
 He is the wonder working One
 To whom great multitudes are won ;
 His fame is spread through all the earth,
 His name, too, ever since His birth ;
 I'll cleave to Him with every breath,
 I'll follow Him down to my death.
 The Jews were angry, full of rage,
 In deadly fight would they engage ;
 Alas ! Jesus they sought to slay,
 Because He healed on Sabbath day.
 Because He made the weak man whole
 In all his powers, e'en in his soul.
 My father works ; — saith Jesus Christ, —
 I work the vastest sacrifice.
 The Jews were now more angry still,
 And would their vengeance now fulfil ;
 They'd wreak their hatred in His blood,
 And pour it out like as a flood,
 Since He was equal with the Lord,
 According to His present word.

XVI.

THE MIRACULOUS FEEDING OF FIVE THOUSAND.

*Matt. xiv., 15-21. Mark vi., 35-44. Luke ix., 12-17.
John vi., 5-14.*

THE Baptist John passed on before
To the bright realms of evermore,—
To heaven, the home of holiness,
Where dwells eternal blissfulness,—
Through Herod's cruel, fierce command,
And by his murderous, savage hand.
When Jesus heard of the dread act
And knew it was a certain fact,
He hastened to a desert place
And there revealed his saving grace.
Here thronged a crowd Jesus around,
With them the sick, the lame were found ;
He healed them all without delay,
Ready to send them far away.
With Him they tarried through the night,
When multitudes more heaved in sight.
Upon his gracious words they fed,
As they from place to place were led.
The multitudes who streamed to Christ
Were pressing forward to the feast
Soon to be in Jerusalem,
Where gather the distinguished men
Of fame, of wealth, of great renown,
From every country, state, or town.
These tarried till the shades of night,
Listening to Christ with great delight,
Hungry, thirsty, ready to die.
Send them away, that they may buy
Bread to eat, His disciples cry.

To them did Jesus soon reply :
 They need not go, give them to eat.
 To Him they say : We have no meat,
 Only five loaves of barley bread
 With two fishes, for such a crowd.
 Bring them to me, the Saviour said —
 They brought the fishes and the bread —
 Command the multitudes around,
 The thousands to sit on the ground,
 By fifty in one company,
 One hundred in another way.
 So plainly every one is seen,
 While the disciples walked between
 To give each one of them some bread,
 Till the whole multitude is fed ;
 Taking the fishes and the bread,
 Looking to heaven above, He said :
 Lord bless this food and multiply
 That it these crowds may satisfy.
 The food He blessed, the loaves He break,
 And unto His loved ones He spake :
 Give these loaves to the multitude,
 Give them to them all, all the food.
 The thousands ate as at a feast,
 Each one as an invited guest ;
 Their appetites were fully met,
 No hungry one did leave his seat.
 Five thousand men sat on the ground,
 As many more were with them found ;
 For children and the women, too,
 Make as many as the men do.
 Therefore there ate ten thousand strong,—
 For such there were in that vast throng.
 They had enough and some to spare,
 For fragments filled twelve baskets there.
 It was a wondrous scene to view,
 To see how Christ all things subdue,

How He increased that little food
 To satisfy a multitude ;
 To send them home with great delight
 To talk of that stupendous sight ;
 To tell how Christ increased their bread,
 So that a multitude was fed.

What glory did this scene display,—
 And spread His fame far, far away.
 For where these thousands ran they praised,
 And loudest hallelujah raised ;
 Charmed with delight at what they'd seen,
 Their wonder heightened the grand scene ;
 So wrapt with transport they did sing
 And laud their Saviour, Christ their King.
 They there resolved their Lord to take,
 And through strong force their King to make,
 For they enjoyed His saving grace
 And now they longed to see His face.
 Jesus perceived their wrong intent :
 Upon the mountain top He went ;
 As wont, He spent the time in prayer,
 For God, His father, met Him there,
 And there revealed His heavenly joy,
 And blest Him in His sweet employ.
 Doubtless the angels gathered round
 As He lay prostrate on the ground,
 Listening to His sweet converse there
 And joined with Him in holy prayer.
 It must have been like heaven to them
 To meet the Son of God again.
 Once more they heard His pleasant voice,
 Aloud with Him did they rejoice.
 The mountain echoed to their songs,
 Albeit absent were the throngs.
 It was a little heaven on earth,
 Joyful and sacred was their mirth.
 None knew the scene but those few there
 As they engaged in solemn prayer.

XVII.

THE WALKING ON THE SEA.

Matt. xiv., 22-33. Mark vi., 45-52. John vi., 14-21.

LATE in the evening of that day
When Jesus sent the throngs away,—
Each one of them down to His house,
To pay to Christ his solemn vows
For that all-satisfying feast,
Where every one had been a guest,
When they had eaten precious bread,
Of which the many thousands fed,
While fragments filled twelve baskets full ;
To show how good and merciful
Is Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God,
Who spares His all-avenging rod ;—
He urged the twelve to cross the sea,
When He would join their company ;
Should they but sail to Bethsaida
And there await Him the next day.
The crowds, o'erjoyed with the rich feast,
Desired to do something for Christ.
It is supposed that He urged this
To show them all that they are His ;
And that they must not make Him king,
Nor join in such an unwise thing.
While He upon the mount would pray,
And there remain till break of day ;
With His dear Father spend the night
In sweet communion and delight,
With cherubim and seraphim,
Who with swift wings would fly to Him,

And cheer Him through the livelong night,
 And try to make the hours take flight;
 Yea, all the heavenly hosts came down,
 With glory Christ Jesus to crown.

The twelve took ship and sailed away,
 But could not make but small headway :
 The contrary winds blew fresh and fierce,
 The ship the waves could scarcely pierce ;
 The surging sea foamed and dashed high,—
 They all expected soon to die.
 They tried to work, they tried to pray,
 And watched for the returning day.
 All they could hear were roaring waves,
 All they could see were watery graves.
 Christ in the fourth watch of the night,
 Came, walked the sea, and hove in sight.
 It is a spirit, they did think,
 And soon shall we begin to sink ;
 They were amazed,—stood they aghast,—
 Surely to us it comes at last,
 Astonished, they cried out for fear.
 When Jesus said : Be of good cheer
 For it is I ; be not afraid ;
 In death's cold waves you'll not be laid.
 Then Peter said : If it be Thou
 O bid me come to Thee just now.
 Come, said Christ, but left out *to me*.
 Then stepped out Peter on the sea.
 But when he saw the waves roll high,
 Surely, he thought, he soon should die ;
 And as he sank down in the wave,
 Forthwith he prayed : Lord Jesus save.
 Then raised He him with His strong arm,
 Then Peter found there was no harm.
 Into the ship was Peter led

By that strong hand which thousands fed.
 Why didst thou doubt, where is thy faith?
 To him the Christ, his Saviour saith.
 The winds then ceased, so did each wave,
 There no disciple found a grave.

We see that Christ is always near,
 E'en in the night He can appear;
 And though the waves may dash and roll,
 Christ Jesus can the storms control.
 Should He take us by sweet surprise
 Oh! Him shall we see with our eyes.
 He'll walk upon the stormy sea,
 And say, 'Tis I whom you do see;
 Be not afraid, on me rely
 And suddenly will you not die.

He hushed the waves: hushed He the winds,
 He quieted their frightful minds.
 Onward they sailed with great delight,
 Christ sailing in the ship that night.
 No fears disturb their quiet hearts,
 For every fear from them departs.
 Joyful celebrate they His praise,
 And loudest hallelujahs raise.
 The ship make they ring with their songs
 Shout they, shout they with joyful tongues.
 Thus they adore the Lord of lords,
 For His almighty, powerful words.
 Worshipped they thus the King of kings,
 Who unto them salvation brings.
 They on the ship worshipped the Lord
 And said Thou art the Son of God.
 They landed soon at Bethsaida,
 Early about the break of day.

XVIII.

THE OPENING THE EYES OF ONE BORN
BLIND.

John ix.

To be born blind, alas, what grief!
Nothing on earth can send relief;
Blackness and darkness all around,
Sorrow and sighing still abound.
All day, all night, year in, year out;
By some one he is led about.
He cannot see to place his feet,
Nor objects that he oft may meet.
There is no change from day to night,
No skill, no love can give him sight.
He hears a voice, he sees no one
Although it is meridian sun;
His sorrows pen cannot describe,
Tossing like waves at highest tide;
His inner grief no one can tell,
Upon it oft his mind does dwell.

As Jesus passed, a man was seen,
Blind from his birth, had always been.
Why is he blind? the twelve inquire;
Is he, his mother. or his sire
Who is to blame for his sad grief,
Which never finds the least relief?
Neither of them is its first cause,
Broken are none of God's pure laws.

His glory it will soon reveal,
 When I his mortal eyes shall heal.
 For I am come to work each day --
 Says Christ, — one hour I cannot play,
 For soon the night of death will come
 When I shall rise to my blest home.
 Then what I leave will not be done
 For I shall never more return.
 While in this world its light I am,
 I lighten every soul of man.
 When He had spoken these few words,
 Which the historian true records,
 Christ then annointed with some clay
 The blind man's eyes immediately.
 Go, thou blind man, wash in the pool
 Of Siloam, whose water's cool,
 Said Jesus Christ to that sad man,
 Who instantly His course began ;
 Believing in His word he went,
 Trusting in Christ with sweet assent.
 He washed his eyes, open they flew,
 When all earth's objects swarmed in view.
 Homeward he turned. His neighbors said :
 Is not this he who sat and begged ?
 Some said it is ; others said, no.
 But he exclaimed : I'm he, I know.
 How were thine eyes opened ? they said.
 For such a work they never had heard.
 Amazement great seized every soul,
 That one born blind could be made whole.
 He said : The man Jesus made clay,
 Annointed both my eyes that day.
 Go and wash in Siloam's pool,
 Whose waters beautiful are cool.
 He said. I went, I washed, I see,
 Oh ! 'twas to me a jubilee ;

The world's ablaze, it streams with light,
 It pours its rays upon my sight,
 Where is this Jesus? they ask him.
 I know not; Him I have not seen —
 Replies the once blind man to them;
 For Christ had gone amidst the men.
 To do good was His glorious plan,
 To rescue fallen, ruined man.
 His majesty was here displayed,
 In Zion was His glory laid.
 The holy land was all aglow
 With signs and wonders — not for show;
 For Jesus wrought them in Bethlehem,
 As quick as in Jerusalem;
 His heart did pity every one
 Whom He found sick beneath the sun.
 His glorious fame so spread abroad
 The honors of our Saviour, God.
 Oh! to the ministers of grace,
 Called in those days, the Pharisees,
 Was this joy-man once blind now brought,
 For by these wise men it is thought,
 He who heals on the Sabbath day,
 Who sent this man born blind, away
 To Siloam's pool to be healed,
 And see such glory there revealed
 As he saw when he washed his eyes,
 Came streaming down over the skies
 Cannot be good: He breaks God's laws,
 And brings reproach upon His cause.
 His heart must be impure within,
 He can't be holy, nor be clean,
 What think you of this Jesus Christ?
 They say to him whom Jesus prized;
 He is a prophet,—wondrous one,—
 To Him, with thousands, I've been won.

Oh no ! say they, No prophet he,
 Breaking God's day, vile must he be ;
 How can a sinner open eyes
 Of one born blind, who constant lies
 And begs his bread from day to day ?
 Others of the Pharisees say.
 There were two parties with them now,
 Neither the other would allow
 To hold their views, and them maintain,
 Unless they would unite with them.
 Some of the Jews did not believe
 That he his eyesight did receive.
 So for his parents they did send.
 Heartless and shallow, they pretend
 They wish to know if he was blind,
 And all the truth about him find,
 The parents say : This is our son,
 Born blind was he. How this was done,
 How he his eyesight did receive,
 We cannot tell. It we believe ;
 For we behold him seeing clear,
 He is our loved one, very dear.
 Ask him, he is of age, he'll show ;
 He knows who did the boon bestow ;
 For that man filled his soul with joy,
 Day and night he's in sweet employ ;
 His heart is full of sacred praise,
 Anthems, the loudest, he doth raise
 To that Jesus who healed his eyes,
 And gave him sight to see the skies.
 His parents feared to tell the truth,
 They feared the Jews, when in their youth
 The Jews agreed never to bless
 The man who Jesus did confess ;
 Therefore, Ask him — his parents say —
 He is of age, he will obey.

Again calling the man, Praise God,
 Say they : praise the Almighty Lord ;
 Vile and sinful Christ Jesus is,
 Never will He fit one for bliss.
 I know not ; with this I agree,
 Whereas blind was I, now I see.
 How did He give you sight ? say they.
 I told you once, told you the way.
 Will you hear it, and Him obey ?
 Will His disciples you now be
 And serve Him in eternity ?
 Him they reviled and scoffed, and said :
 His follower thou art, we see,
 Moses' disciples sure are we ;
 To Moses God did speak, we know.
 Who this fellow is, we can't show.

Why — said the man — here's a strange thing,
 Mine eyes are opened by the King ;
 And ye can't tell from whence He is,
 Though ye well know that He did this.
 Jehoyah never hears the cry
 Of sinners who His grace deny :
 He shuts His ears against their prayer,
 Their wickedness He will not spare.
 But those who worship Him He hears,
 And far removes their anguished fears.
 They do His gracious will obey,
 And cheerful serve Him every day.
 Since God, the Lord, reared this world's frame,
 And spread o'er earth His wondrous fame,
 What man gave sight to one born blind,
 Or any means did ever find
 To open eyes which never see,
 Or from such darkness set one free ?
 Did ever one hear such sweet news,

Whether with Gentiles or with Jews?
 So this man must descend from God,
 He must be equal with the Lord.
 In Him aloud I will rejoice,
 And lift on high my sweetest voice.
 I'll praise Him with unwavering tongue,
 And roll the loudest songs along ;
 I'll swell the tunes of heavenly praise,
 And sweetest, loudest anthems raise ;
 I'll sing sweet hymns with my last breath,
 And shout loud symphonies in death.

O, thou art happy born in sin,
 And all impure, unclean within ;
 Wilt Thou teach us? to him they said.
 Him from their presence forth they led.
 The news spread quick throughout the place :
 The Jewish ministers of grace
 Had cast him out, sent him away,
 And would not suffer him to pray.
 Soon Jesus came around again,
 He heard the man could not remain.
 When He did find him, He did say ;
 Upon the Son of God to-day,
 Dost thou believe? Who is he, Lord,
 That I may trust His gracious word?
 Then Jesus said : Him hast thou seen,
 He talks with thee, and He has been
 Thy friend and helper every day.
 Aloud he did begin to pray :
 Lord, I believe ; and worshiped Him,
 Chanting His praise with sweetest hymn.
 He gazed on Christ with pure delight,
 As one who gave him his eyesight ;
 He saw in Him the source of grace,
 As well as all the streams of peace ;

He saw that Jesus gave him food,
 Blessings and mercies, all things good ;
 And so He furnished all the race
 With all the stated means of grace ;
 None were despised, none were too poor,
 He gave them from His bounteous store ;
 God is all in all to every one,
 Who will from every sin be won ;
 His hands are ready all to bless,
 Who walk in paths of righteousness ;
 He never will cast one away
 Who waits on Him from day to day.
 Jesus Thou art, Thou blessed lamb,
 We would adore Thy sacred name,
 For Thine atoning sacrifice,
 Wrought out by Thee, our great High Priest.
 Thou didst Thy majesty reveal,
 When Thou the blindest man didst heal,
 Who from his birth in darkness dwelt,
 Like Egypt's darkness could be felt.
 Thou gavest natural light to some,
 Who to Thyself were firmly won,
 On others moral darkness fell,
 They represent the hosts of hell,
 They magnify their father's name,
 For sin and death to earth he came.
 They did their father's will obey,
 Have changed to night the earthly day,
 For judgment Thou didst truly come,
 Leaving Thine everlasting home.
 That some who in black darkness lay,
 Might look and see the morning ray,
 While night on others, dark should come,
 The harbinger of endless doom.

XIX.

THE RESTORING OF THE MAN WITH A WITHERED HAND.

Matt. xii., 9-13. Mark iii., 1-5. Luke vi., 6-11.

THIS is one more Sabbatic cure,
Which stirs the hearts of men impure :
Men, who look for more outward show
Than in internal graces grow.
'Tis how they look, not what they do,
Sums up their lives ; sums their virtue.
To Christ say they : Is it lawful ?
Is it not rather unlawful
Upon the Sabbath day to heal
And from the Lord its hours to steal ?
Did he not give it us to rest,
And with its sacred hours be blest ?
Oh, this is true ; and more is true,
If we the subject rightly view.
If in a pit a sheep should fall
Would not your neighbors, one or all
Lay hold on it and lift it out ?
Oh ! think you, would they have a doubt,
But that a good work they had done,
Though on the Sabbath they had run ?
If God loves us for tenderness,
He will love us for righteousness.
Now to the man with withered hand,
Said Christ : Rise up, before us stand.
He rose and stood, obeyed the word,
Expecting glorious things from God.

Inquires Jesus : Is it all right
 To do *good* things with all your might,
 Or do things *evil* on this day,
 On which we ought to sing and pray?
 Oh ! in their hearts such venom lay,
 Watching His course, they would not say.
 Looked Christ on them with grief and pain,
 Ready in love His heart to drain,
 To show them that their way to doom
 Is sure, is full of deepest gloom.
 Gazed He on them with sad surprise,
 To see what wrath within them lies ;
 Their inmost hearts He plainly saw,
 To him each one He tried to draw ;
 Then speaking to the anxious man,
 He said : “ Stretch forth thy withered hand.”
 He stretched it forth ; it was made whole ;
 What glory, glory, thrilled his soul !
 For when the body Jesus healed,
 He to the soul His love revealed.
 Doubtless he went down to his house,
 To sing, and pray, and pay his vows ;
 To meet his household and rejoice
 With heart all tuned, and tuned his voice,
 For his disease was past all cure,
 He tried and tried, so to be sure ;
 But now a man made him all whole,
 Healed both his body and his soul.
 Why not then make the welkin ring
 With loud hosannas to their King?
 Why not their sweetest anthems raise
 To Jesus Christ with hymns of praise?
 Did not his heart glow with pure love,
 And all his tender feelings move,
 When he considered what was done
 By Christ, God’s well beloved Son?

What did he care about the day
 On which the Mighty Man did say :
 Rise up, stand forth, stretch out thy hand.
 He did obey his Lord's command,
 And instantly was he made whole,
 When he rejoiced in heart and soul.
 How could his joy and gladness cease,
 When far away fled death's disease?
 He could but shout and laugh and sing,
 And make the region round him ring.
 The Jews could not their wrath restrain,
 They poured its vials out again ;
 The Pharisees their hate did show ;
 Their wrath, red-hot, did sparkling glow ;
 The Sadducees could not keep still,
 Poured out wrath's vials like a rill.
 To ruin Christ they instant met,
 And all their hellish wiles they set.
 At once called they the Sanhedrim,
 To plot, and scheme, and murder Him ;
 They would consult with every priest
 To put away this Jesus Christ.
 Their wounded pride, their rancorous hate,
 They would not in the least abate.
 With Herod they would join their hands,
 And join the large Herodian bands.
 They would unite with Pilate's crew,
 If death to Christ would soon ensue.
 Yes, join would they some savage band
 If they on Him would lay their hand.
 But Jesus' hour had not yet come,
 So all their schemes sunk in the tomb,
 And they soon met their awful doom
 Down in the hell of vain and gloom.

XX.

THE WOMAN WITH A SPIRIT OF
INFIRMITY.

Luke xiii., 10-17.

CHRIST magnified the Sabbath day,
Healing the sick, made sin to stay.
Healing the sick, removed distress,
Filling the heart with righteousness.
Peace and good will followed his train,
While flowed His blood to cleanse each stain.
Love was the grace that thrilled His heart,
While He His mercies does impart ;
He preached the word in every house,
Where saints had met to pay their vows.
Where sick ones came to seek His aid,
And in His presence prostrate laid.
Among the prayerful who came there
To seek His face and offer prayer.
Was a sick one bowed toward the earth,
Lost all her joy and youthful mirth.
A woman 'twas, together bowed,
Within God's house, among the crowd,
Erect she could in nowise stand,
Bending down she could not withstand ;
When Jesus saw her saddest state,
Love moved Him to the cause abate.
For eighteen years in deepest grief,
She could by no means find relief.

He called her to Him and then said,
 Woman, thine infirmness has fled.
 Upon her then His hands He laid,
 When her sore sickness then was stayed.
 She stood erect, joy filled her soul,
 Forthwith she knew she was made whole.
 Oh, then she glorified her God,
 And praised Him for that mighty word
 Which Satan's power did overcome,
 Which set her free, which sent her home.
 Elate, joyful beyond all thought
 For this great work which Christ had wrought;
 Her voice rang forth with anthems loud.
 Which filled the ears of that vast crowd.
 Her soul baptized in Jesus' love,
 Thrilled with that joy which reigns above.

With wrath, the ruler hurled his words
 Against the throngs, against the crowds:
 To us Jehovah gave six days
 To work, to labor in all ways;
 On them, then, bring your sick, your weak;
 Not on the seventh day of the week,
 That is God's sacred, blessed day,
 When we should preach, and sing, and pray.
 To him Christ said: Thou hypocrite,
 I will reveal thy vilest heart.
 Do not you all the Sabbath day,
 Loose your dumb beasts, lead them away
 Down to the cooling streams to drink,
 And never, never, never think,
 That you do break the Sabbath day,
 Or lead the multitudes astray?
 Your beasts were bound but a few hours,
 And could be loosed by your own powers.

But this daughter of Abraham,
 As well a daughter of "I Am,"
 Has been bound down these eighteen years,
 With greatest grief, with greatest fears :
 Could not herself raise up erect,
 Or make herself stand up all straight ;
 But being bound by Satan's chains,
 Was to be sent to endless pains ;
 But I destroyed his fiendish hold,
 And made her straight, as you behold.
 For if your beasts so oft unbound,
 Should not this woman so long bound
 Be set all free and praise the Lord,
 And spread his honors all abroad ?
 His foes ashamed all slunk away,
 And to His friends became their prey ;
 Saw, clearly their envenomed hearts,
 Saw clearly what Jesus imparts ;
 And if repentance flowed apace,
 And they received His saving grace,
 They now are robed in realms of bliss,
 Among God's sons, the sons of peace.
 But if they died in dark despair,
 Horror and woes they justly share.
 The people shouted to Christ's praise
 And to His honor anthems raise.
 The welkin echoed to their songs,
 For honor to their Lord belongs.
 Peals of joy rang over the plains,
 With loudest, sweetest, noblest strains.

XXI.

THE HEALING OF THE MAN WITH A DROPSY.

Luke xiv., 1-6.

WHAT signal glory marks Christ's life,
Free from all envy, spite, and strife.
His miracles bespeak His love,
Whose acts of mercy all approve.
He works the works of peace and faith,
As once He to His followers saith.
On errands of delivering grace,
He journeyed on from place to place ;
A Pharisee, chief of his sect,
One day the Lord, Christ Jesus, met ;
Prepared for Him a sumptuous feast,
Invited Him to be his guest ;
A leisure day, this Sabbath day,
So many passed along that way ;
Entered His house the feast to eat,
And sit upon the highest seat.
Among this crowd a sick man passed,
Doubtless anxious to break his fast ;
Hoping the Lord Jesus to see
And to be healed of his dropsy.
When Jesus saw his sickly face,
And knew how long was his disease,
He thus the Pharisee addressed :
Is it right, is it for the best,

To heal upon the Sabbath day,
 And cure the sick without delay?
 The Pharisees at once kept still,
 For madness did their hearts then fill.
 So Jesus took and healed the man,
 And thus a wondrous speech began:
 Should your dumb beast in straying round,
 Fall in a pit beneath the ground,
 Would you not try, the Sabbath day,
 To pull it out without delay,
 Lest it should find a watery grave,
 Before that you its life should save?
 Or if it fell into a lake,
 Seizing the beast, would you not take,
 And draw it from its watery bed,
 And save it e'er it should be dead?
 So this poor man would find a grave,
 A watery grave, should I not save,
 For dropsy drowns the heart in death,
 And thus chokes off his life and breath.
 If you then save your beast from death,
 Should I not give both life and breath
 To one whose life immortal is,
 Destined to dwell in endless bliss?
 Behold what an infinite space
 Between a beast and human race!
 What a vast gulf! O, who can tell
 The immense space 'tween heaven and hell?
 While endless ages melt away,
 Man's joy will be complete each day.
 While endless cycles roll around,
 His joy increasing will abound.
 No language can describe Heaven's bliss,
 Or tell what eternity is.
 No pen, no pencil can portray
 The heaven of an eternal day.

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
What God in heaven hath now prepared
For them who walk in wisdom's ways,
And spend their years in sweetest praise.
Oh, who can magnify the space
Between a beast and human race?
His enemies could not gainsay
What He had spoken on that day,
So still they kept and hushed their voice,
While others did aloud rejoice.
Thus conquests Jesus constant won,
Though few a holy life begun.
Though angry was their chief high priest,
And others who enjoyed the feast.
Yet Jesus did His love display,
In healing sick from day to day;
He did rejoice to bless the poor,
And open wide a bounteous door.
No sickly one was overlooked,
But every case He undertook;
For health and strength were freely given,
And all, we trust, now dwell in heaven.
The Holy Land ne'er saw a sight,
When such vast numbers did delight
To hymn to Christ immortal praise,
And glorious, heavenly anthems raise,
As when He traversed o'er its plains
And listened to their sweetest strains.

XXII.

THE CLEANSING OF THE TEN LEPERS.

Luke xvii., 11-19.

CHRIST coming to Jerusalem,
Wearing his golden diadem
Of heavenly light, and heavenly love,
Sparkling with gems from heaven above,
Came from the land of Galilee,
Whose beauties he rejoiced to see ;
Must needs pass through Samaria ;
He met ten lepers on His way,
Diseased without, diseased within,
The leprosy of flesh and sin.
Their misery, O, who can paint ;
One moment's thought will make one faint.
They drop in pieces, joint by joint,
Till nought is left, a single point,
When death ensues, an awful death,
It is their last expiring breath.
Far off they stand, cry they aloud,
They dare not mingle with the crowd :
O Jesus, Master, pity us ;
Thou Great High Priest, blesséd Jesus.
The Healer heard their plaintive voice,
In their small faith He did rejoice.
Go, show yourselves to Jewish priests,
Cried he. They marched. Joy filled their breasts.
For, as they walked, each one was healed,
For Christ His mighty power revealed.

This leprosy of death and sin,
 To them was made all white and clean.
 Their flesh became like children's flesh ;
 All soft, all pure, all white and fresh.
 Then one, who saw he was made whole,
 Turned back, praised him with all his soul.
 He magnified the King of kings,
 Who, he perceived, could do all things.
 Such joy he never felt before,
 He found it daily grew still more.
 With loudest voice, he thanked his God,
 While all his joy echoed abroad.
 Jesus inquires : Were there not ten
 I cleansed ? Where are the nine cleansed then ?
 This poor Samaritan alone,
 Comes Christ to praise, the Corner-stone,
 Whom all the Jews do now reject,
 While waiting long their Christ expect.
 Perhaps they felt ashamed to tell,
 They long in leprosy did dwell ;
 With this disease their frames were stained
 And all their bodies sorely pained.
 They are ashamed to let friends know,
 With how much peace their hearts now glow.
 They now keep still and stay away,
 Or travel on, going astray.
 Just like some converts blest by Christ
 Through His atoning sacrifice ;
 They feel His sweet, redeeming grace,
 And see His reconciled face.
 And yet Christ's church they will not join,
 Nor recognize the hand divine
 Which snatched them from the jaws of death,
 And grants them life, and health, and breath.
 They keep away from all things good,
 Forget to eat angelic food.

Dwarfs they become in pious things,
 And cease to praise the King of kings ;
 A wretched life on earth they spend,
 And come to an untimely end.

Now to this poor Samaritan
 Once lost, now found — a happy man —
 Arise, says Christ, and go thy way,
 Turn not again, nor go astray ;
 Thy mighty faith hath made thee whole,
 O, never more disgrace thy soul.
 These leprous men took Jesus' word,
 To see the priests, the friends of God,
 They had to trust in what was said,
 And by it to the priest be led.
 They most not tarry to be healed,
 Nor wait to see God's power revealed.
 Just so the anxious soul must go,
 In all his sins and guilt must show
 Himself to Christ, the great High Priest,
 While on his way, he'll find sweet rest ;
 Unbounded joy will in him roll,
 And all his mental powers control.
 Then let him join the saints of God,
 And run the straight and narrow road ;
 Oh, let him hear his Saviour say :
 I am the life, the truth, the way.

XXIII.

THE HEALING OF THE DAUGHTER OF
THE SYROPHENICIAN WOMAN.

Matt. xv., 21-28. Mark vii., 24-30.

As Jesus neared the heathen land,
Where cities beautiful did stand,
Sidon and Tyre of ancient fame,
Each one bears up its famous name ;
Weary and sad from what He saw,
Would like from friends now to withdraw ;
Entered a house, quiet and still,
Some friendly duties to fulfil.
He hoped that there He might be hid,
For a few moments might be rid
Of many cares which pressed His soul,
And o'er His mind in torrents roll ;
But like perfume which spreads around,
His secret place with ease was found.
A woman from Canaan had come,
Had left her daughter sick at home.
Approached she near the Saviour's face,
Pleading for His Almighty grace :
O Lord, help me, help me, I cry,
For soon my daughter sick, will die ;
Satan within torments her soul,
O'er her he has complete control.
Unless he is expelled she'll die,

O, hear my penitential cry.
 The Son of David gave no ear,
 As much as though He did not hear ;
 Her cry at length became so loud,
 It could be heard by all the crowd.
 Cried His disciples : Send away ;
 Send her home, put her on the way ;
 We are ashamed to hear her scream,
 We do not know what it does mean.
 Send her away, send her away,
 Send her home, far out of our way.
 Jesus said : Let the children eat ;
 To take their bread it is not meet.
 Why should dogs eat the children's food,
 It is not right, it is not good.
 The truth, Lord, answered she, and said :
 Under the table dogs are fed ;
 They eat the crumbs, the poorest meat,
 Often 'tis trod beneath our feet.
 They lick our hands with great delight,
 And love to stand within our sight.
 For these true words ; O, go thy way ;
 Thy daughter lives — Jesus did say —
 Strong is thy faith ; thy faith is great.
 O 'tis supreme ; it is complete.
 O woman, now in me rejoice,
 Lift up to me thy happy voice.
 For as thou wilt, so shall it be ;
 The devil's left ; he had to flee.
 When she returned she found her whole,
 Jesus o'er her had great control.
 Doubtless great peace ran through the house ;
 While all fulfilled their sacred vows.
 Her faith wrought out a rich reward,
 For she obeyed her gracious Lord.
 Her active zeal inspired her heart,

She would not let the Lord depart.
 Her perseverance knew no bounds,
 And so her joy constant abounds.
 She knew she should the boon receive,
 If she on Christ could but believe ;
 For she had heard of Jesus' fame —
 O, she had prayed to trust His name.
 Why was the Saviour loth to go
 To heathen lands his love to show,
 Since all the world His truth will share,
 And for it all must offer prayer?
 His ministry was brief He knew,
 Three years would carry Him all through.
 Jehovah loved the Jewish race,
 For centuries past bestowed His grace —
 He could not give them up to die,
 And in eternal sorrow lie.
 He'd send His only Son to teach,
 And in their sins call Him to preach.
 To save the Jews His heart was set,
 And every hindrance must be met.
 This nation had been set apart,
 Mercies complete did He impart.
 The wealth of His great heart He'd give,
 If they on Him would but believe.
 So his dear Son with them must live,
 And all His boundless mercies give ;
 So with the nation He must stay,
 His weary, short, and transient day.

XXIV.

THE HEALING OF ONE DEAF AND DUMB.

Mark vii., 31-37.

FROM the coasts of Tyre returning,
With His heart of mercy burning,
Near to the sea of Galilee
Christ great multitudes came to see,
Having the lame, the dumb, the blind,
Such as they could easily find,
And laid them down at Jesus' feet,
That they His boundless love might meet.
He healed them all of each disease
And made their sorrows there to cease.
One of the sick St. Mark describes
As deaf and nearly dumb besides ;
His case was sad in the extreme,
Nothing but God could intervene ;
Christ's power was adequate they knew,
All such diseases 'twould subdue.
His friends did then beseech the Lord
To speak the healing, mighty word ;
To lay on him that mighty hand,
Which all disease could withstand.

Aside Christ took him from the crowd,
That there should be no talking loud ;
That He might shun all magic show,

And solemn thoughts on all bestow.
 He put His fingers in His ears,
 To show with them all things He hears.
 He put some spittle on his tongue,
 To show with it psalms must be sung
 Then looking up to heaven He sighed,
 " Ephphatha"—be opened,— He cried.
 Straightway were opened both his ears,
 Straightway melodious sounds he hears.
 Christ broke the string which tied his tongue,
 When he aloud his praises sung.
 His heart, no doubt, was tuned to sing
 The praises of his glorious King.
 For all whose bodies Christ did heal,
 To them did He His love reveal.
 Such was His love, and such His grace,
 Which He most freely gave our race.
 Then charged He them no man to tell,
 But quiet go, and quiet dwell;
 But such the joy that filled each soul
 They could not well their joys control.
 The more He charged, the more they spread;
 They cried: Jesus can raise the dead;
 O, He has done all things right well,
 We will this glorious news now tell;
 They spread abroad His wondrous fame,
 And gloried in His mighty name.
 Were all astir the regions round,
 Because of joy which knew no bounds;
 They gathered round in happy throngs,
 And made the welkin ring with songs.
 They said He makes the deaf to hear,
 And thus His glory does appear;
 He makes the dumb to praise His name,
 And thus display His glorious fame.
 They praised the God of Israel,

Who rescues from the powers of hell ;
 Who closed the gates of sin and woe,
 And will on all His grace bestow.
 Some heathen mingled with the crowd,
 And rang their praises long and loud.
 Who will repent of guilt and sin,
 And a new life at once begin ;
 Whom Christ will wash as white as snow,
 And on them will His love bestow ;
 Such will be filled with great surprise
 That God prepares them for the skies ;
 Their peace and happiness abound,
 That they the way to heaven have found ;
 Their hearts continually sing,
 Their voices make the regions ring ;
 Such are the times when sinners flock
 To Jesus Christ, and take His yoke,
 And bear it with supreme delight ;
 When clothed with robes of purest white,
 Amazement siezes the vast crowd,
 They shout and sing their praises loud.
 Such was the day of Pentecost,
 When Jesus saved three thousand lost,
 Three thousand filled the air with praise,
 As they loud hallelujahs raise ;
 Long since they passed to realms of bliss,
 Where they enjoy eternal peace.

XXV.

THE MIRACULOUS FEEDING OF FOUR
THOUSAND.

Matt. xv., 32-39. Mark viii., 1-9.

As wont, great numbers crowd the way,
As Jesus walked from day to day ;
Upon His lips they hang with joy,
Hearing His words is their employ ;
O, pleased with them, they leave their food,
Their thoughts burn in them to be good.
The hours and days melt swift away,
How can I Jesus Christ obey ?
Oh ! who can wash my heart all clean,
And far remove the guilt of sin ?
Oh ! who can make me white as snow,
Or a pure heart in me bestow ?
Is there no fount to cleanse the soul,
To make one pure, complete, and whole ?
These crowds their homes and friends forget,
On heavenly things their hearts are set ;
This wondrous man they love so well,
They have not words enough to tell ;
Weary and anxious on they go,
Fearless of dangers, griefs, and woe.
Hungry and thirsty, stop them not,
Such cares they have long since forgot.
Fasting three days they've been with Christ,
They know He is the great High Priest.
Give them to eat lest they shall die,—
To His disciples, is His cry.—
I have compassion on this throng,
For hungry they have been too long.
How can I send them far away ?

Fasting, they'll faint upon the way.
 My heart yearns for these poor lost sheep,
 Them in my fold how shall I keep
 To Him His sad disciples say :
 From whence can we find bread to-day ?
 This place is but a wilderness,
 How to get food is our distress.
 How many loaves have ye? said He.
 Seven loaves ; few fishes there may be.
 For such vast crowds, O, what are they ?
 They're not sufficient for one day.
 We can't supply this multitude
 In this vast wilderness with food.
 All them He ordered to sit down
 Upon the ground, a grassy lawn.
 O, beauteous is this rural place,
 Although 'tis called a wilderness.
 With scenic charms the Holy Land
 Is full, abounds on every hand.
 The loaves and fishes then He took,
 Upward towards heaven He cast a look ;
 He thanks the Lord, the Holy Ghost,
 For food to feed this numerous host.
 Though Lord of all, He public shows
 That God on Him all things bestows.
 He acts in union with His will,
 And does His precepts all fulfil.
 The loaves in pieces then He brake,
 The pieces His disciples take
 And gave to this assembled throng,
 And passed the pieces all along.
 Then all the fishes the same way,
 Were passed to them without display.
 They ate, and with a thankful heart
 Soon to their various homes depart ;
 For Jesus sent the crowds away,
 Lest they should faint upon the way.

They gathered up the broken food,—
 Seven baskets from the multitude.
 O, what unseen, almighty power
 Fell on that food like copious shower ;
 Increased its size beyond all thought,
 Which Christ alone upon it brought :
 Christ's power this mystery explains,
 Which He and He alone maintains ;
 The secret is with Christ, the Lord,
 He is the sure, Eternal Word : .
 Because four thousand men there ate,—
 Women and children with them sat.
 Seven loaves and a few fishes fed
 This vast crowd, which was to Jesus led.
 Explain this mystery, no one can,
 But Jesus Christ, the great God man.
 He holds the key of boundless love,
 And fits His saints for homes above.
 He knows what swells a little food,
 To satisfy a multitude.
 The dark His wisdom penetrates,
 And all the sinful souls He hates,
 Or loves them less than He does saints,
 Who leave behind their sad complaints.
 These miracles, Augustine thinks,
 Point to the nation's spirit-drinks ;
 Five thousand point to happy Jews,
 Four thousand brings to Gentiles news.
 The Jewish nation have the Christ,
 They have His greatest sacrifice.
 The Gentiles soon will eat this food,
 They are the greatest multitude.
 This curious scheme shows this good man,
 How he, Augustine, loves God's plan ;
 How this wide world Christ does embrace,
 All, all within infinite space ;
 Would save from sin the human race,
 And let them see his smiling face.

XXVI.

THE OPENING THE EYES OF ONE BLIND
AT BETHSAIDA.

Mark viii., 22-26.

O BETHSAIDA, thou art the town
Where Christ has poured His glories down,
Around, great numbers Jesus fed,
To Him for mercies they were led.
For heaven the multitudes He fit ;
And now with Him in glory sit.
Five thousand at His table sat ;
Four thousand men soon after that.
Women and children flocked around
And made the numbers far abound.
Indeed, thou wast the favored place,
Where Christ revealed His saving grace.
In thee, his friends a blind man bring,
Christ's fame declares He is a king.
They plead with Him to lay His hands
On this blind man, and break the bands
Which close his eyes from mortal sight,
And cast the darkest shades of night :
Oh ! Break the bands of this blind man,
None can break them unless you can.

Out of the town this man Christ led,
That when He wrought the mighty deed,
This world its beauty he might see,
The heavens above in majesty.
The heavens with all its starry frame,
Aloud proclaim the eternal name.
His eyes the Saviour spits upon,
Then places both his hands thereon ;

To quicken this man's little faith,
 Then to him Christ most earnest saith :
 Do you see ; are your eyes opening ?
 I see large men as trees, walking,
 He said, straining his eyes to look,
 Again this blind man Jesus took.
 And on his eyes He placed His hands,
 And snapped in two those iron bands
 Which kept them in the darkest night,
 And hid all objects from his sight.
 Then Jesus sent him to his house,
 Where he might pay his sacred vows.
 Now go not into Bethsaida,
 Nor tell to any on the way.
 Press onward to your happy home,
 Let every one see you have come ;
 Go through the rooms, go through the house,
 With every one pay all your vows.
 Tell them about Jesus, the man,
 Tell them about His gracious plan,
 About the wonders He does work,
 And how the sick to Him do flock.
 How all the sick He instant heals,
 And to them He Himself reveals.
 He says : See me. I now can see,
 Oh ! 'tis to me a jubilee.
 Oh ! Hallelujah to His name,
 How can I spread His glorious fame ?
 I used to hear your sweetest voice,
 I see you now, how I rejoice ;
 And here's my mother too, I see ;
 Glory, for what He's done for me.
 I'll make these rooms ring with my joy,
 I'll spend my life in His employ ;
 And while the endless ages fly
 I'll spend them far above the sky.

XXVII.

THE HEALING OF THE LUNATIC CHILD.

Matt., xvii., 14-21. Mark ix., 14-29. Luke ix., 37-42.

JESUS, thou ever blessed One,
Thou art God's well belovéd Son :
Who on transfiguration's mount,
Didst open wide salvation's fount ;
Who didst the heavenly glories seal,
Didst thus heaven's certainties reveal.
Descending from that bright display,
Thy face all dazzling like noon day,
The multitude amazed to see,
Ran and at once saluted Thee.
Thy children faithless, weak, and frail,
Seeking to do, but sure to fail,
The scribes, their enemies, prevail.
But short their triumph, soon they fail.
Them Thou didst ask : Why question ye ?
If any thing, say it to Me.
A certain father brought his son,
Kneeling, plead something might be done :
I brought him to Thy friends to heal,
They could not power enough reveal.
The devil they could not expel,
Nor send him through the gates of hell.
He tore his flesh, he threw him down,
He would not let the child alone.
O, faithless generation ye,
How long shall I your weakness see ?
How long with you must I remain,

Before My glory you'll maintain,
 Before these wonders you'll perform,
 Allay the winds and raging storm?
 Bring him to me, the Saviour cries ;
 They laid him down before His eyes.
 So when the devil Jesus sees,—
 He throws the child upon his knees,
 O, on the ground he foams and rolls,
 The devil holds complete control ;—
 Jesus inquires : How long ago
 Since came on him this dreadful woe?
 The father answers : From a child :
 At first the fits were short and mild ;
 The devil soon commenced to tear,
 Awful his work many a year.
 How long must I remain with you
 Ere you such miracles will do?
 His father, you, and all my friends
 Have lost your faith, your courage ends.
 I cannot work the works of faith,
 Thus truly the Messiah saith.
 Faith is the chain which links my soul
 With every man from pole to pole ;
 Which links me with the angelic host,
 With Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
 Faith makes all demons to depart,
 And thrills the soul and thrills the heart.
 It lays the great foundation stone
 On which my works alone are done.
 Now if this father can believe,
 The greatest blessing he'll receive.
 The father cried, burst into tears ;
 I do believe ; O help my fears.
 The people ran to see the sight,
 When Christ should exercise this might.
 Thou spirit deaf, thou spirit dumb,

I charge thee from this child to come.
 The spirit cried, and rent him sore,
 His body every part he tore,
 And then came out ; away he fled,
 And the poor child lay down as dead.
 Some said he was ; he looked like death,
 Motionless he lay, without breath.
 And well he may, for from a child,
 The demon fierce, and very wild,
 Had thrown him in the hottest fire,
 Full of hatred, malice, and ire ;
 Had thrown him in the waters deep
 And would him there a long time keep
 If his dear friends had not seized him,
 And drawn him out and watched o'er him.
 The father's sorrows and his grief
 Found comforts few and very brief.
 His anxious days and sleepless nights,
 Reveal his gloom and dismal sights.
 Now lifted up Jesus the child :
 The child was calm, sedate, and mild.
 Satan had fled away from him,
 And he was doubtless pure within.
 O, who can tell the father's peace
 When Satan was compelled to cease ?
 O, who can paint the child's great joy
 When Satan left his hell's employ.
 What comforts must have filled each soul
 As they beheld the child made whole.
 Amazement seized the circling crowd,
 Their lips and voices echoed loud.
 They never saw such mighty power,
 It fell like an o'erpowering shower.
 They gazed upon that darling son,
 Wondering how it could be done ;
 How Christ could exercise such might

And send the devil out of sight.
 They could not see ; they could not guess ;
 It could not lie in His address.
 He looked just like all other men ;
 Where did this secret great lie then ?
 He was the son of God Most High,
 Here's where His mighty power did lie.
 If we such power would e'er obtain,
 We must more holiness attain.
 Now Christ withdrew within a house
 There to fulfil His other vows,
 And turn away from cares and noise,
 And rest himself and rest His voice.
 His sad disciples followed there,
 And thus to Christ addressed their prayer :
 Why could not we Satan expel,
 And make the child entirely well ?
 Before have we demons cast out,
 We had no fears, we had no doubts ;
 We spake the word, the demons flew,
 Glory and honor we withdrew.
 Us now with scorn the scribes did meet,
 And laughed to see our great defeat.
 We feel as though we could not preach,
 Nor any longer try to teach.
 We are discouraged every way,
 We think we best give up to-day.
 Lift up your soul ; lift up your heart,
 By us demons will soon depart
 When we engage in solemn prayer,
 And fasting, too, our hearts prepare.
 Let us these duties well perform,
 Then we can face derisive scorn.

XXVIII.

THE STATER IN THE FISH'S MOUTH.

Matt. xvii., 24-27.

THIS miracle finds but one place,
And that in Matthew's gospel's grace ;
A gospel for the favored Jews,
A book for theocratic use.
For temple use this tax was raised,
That God Himself might there be praised.
Jesus is not mere David's Son,
He is the Great Omniscient One ;
The mighty God, the great I Am,
Before creation was began.
He fills immensity of space,
Lives and resides in every place.
You take the wings of morning light
And fly forever with your might.
Come to creation's farthest bound,
There His compassions will be found.
Touched at His heart for our poor race,
He'll furnish us with every grace.
Though born of the Davidic line,
With higher glory He does shine.
He will His glory e'er maintain,
And everlasting honors gain.
He sits upon Jehovah's throne,
And rules the universe alone.
This custom tax He need not pay,
It is the temple tax they say.
But though He is the King of kings,

He loves to do all holy things.
 Therefore spake He to one Simon,
 Lest he should now offend some one :
 Go to the sea, a hook cast in,
 The fish you'll take shall have within
 A stater, sum enough to pay
 Your tax and mine due them to-day.
 Away flew he down to the sea,
 And did as told, as you will see.
 Into the sea cast he his hook,
 O, wondrous ! The first fish he took,
 Had in its mouth the very sum
 To pay the tax for both of them.
 How Christ the fish prepared to do,
 And make the whole exactly true
 No one but God the Lord can see,
 And He from all eternity.
 As God prepared a fish to save
 Jonah from the all-dashing wave,
 So Christ prepared a fish to pay
 His tax and Peter's on that day.
 The former was Jehovah's work,
 The latter was Christ Jesus' work ;
 Both of them are miraculous ;
 Designed God's love to show to us.
 Designed to show each lower race
 Is held by God's strongest embrace.
 That not a sparrow falls and dies,
 Without a glance from His keen eyes.
 The fishes in the deepest sea,
 His eyes as easily can see
 As those in shallows near the land,
 Which you can see and take by hand.
 Monsters in seas He makes to play,
 As merry as a Christmas Day.
 The little ones just sport around

To tell what pleasure can be found.
 The oceans roll in happiness,
 Their depths are full of joyousness.
 The seas declare there is a God,
 One sea yielded to Moses' rod.
 This wonder shows Christ's poverty,
 To pay His tax no means had He,
 For He had laid His wealth away,
 On entrance into earth to stay.
 Though He created heaven and earth,
 And to all things did He give birth,
 Yet did he nothing call His own,
 Not even His majestic throne.
 Almost all men possess some things,
 Nothing had He, though King of kings.
 Some speakers own their lofty words,
 Christ never boasts, though Lord of lords.
 He manages the universe,
 His glory I cannot rehearse.
 Lord, how unsearchable Thy ways,
 Past finding out through endless days;
 All things are open to Thy view,
 Thy glory passes in review.
 Thou rulest all things, great and small,
 For Thou, O God, art all in all.
 Before Thee would we chant our praise,
 Our sweetest hallelujahs raise,
 Thee only would we laud and love,
 On earth and in the worlds above.

XXIX.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

John xi., 1-54.

IN Martha's house at Bethany,
A house of kindest sympathy,
Our Lord received the warmest love,
Towards him her heart did often move ;
Her brother and her sister, too,
Were thrilled with love all through and through.
They poured the wealth of loving hearts
Into that breast which love imparts,
Their hearts aglow with flaming fire,
Did cherish Him with strong desire.
For oft with them refreshing sleep
Did seize His limbs and quiet keep.
Their bounties oft supplied Him food,
While He supplied superior good.
He gathered at this sumptuous feast —
A friend, a loved one, and a guest.
Their mutual converse pure and sweet,
Was charming, gracious, a rich treat.
Their mutual joys none can portray.
Their sweetness I cannot convey.

A cloud arose denser and thick,
Their brother, Jesus' friend, was sick.
The sisters mourned with deepest grief,
Physicians wise knew no relief.
It was above their highest skill,
It raged, it raged, it raged worse still.
The sisters sent this loving word :

He whom you love is sick, O, Lord.
 They did not send their brother's name,
 Jesus well knew its heavenly fame.
 It was a rich and sweet perfume,
 Filling the house and every room.
 The dire disease they did not name,
 Nor say a word about the same.
 When Jesus heard this saddest grief,
 He did not come to their relief.
 He did not send that He would come,
 And bless that sick and saddest home.
 Just as He does to us these days,
 When we oft pray, and sing, and praise,
 And long to see His smiling face,
 And hear his voice in our distress.
 He still remained in the same place,
 Dispensing His all-saving grace.
 This sickness is not unto death,
 He will still live — thus Jesus saith :
 It will augment Jehovah's fame,
 And spread abroad His wondrous name,
 The Son of God will glory gain,
 From this heart grief, heart pangs, and pain.
 To Judea let us return,
 And homeward let our steps now turn.
 Of late the Jews would stone to death,
 Wilt thou then face their angry breath?
 Said they to Him who loved Him well,
 And did with Him delight to dwell.
 Does not one day contain twelve hours,
 In which I must employ my powers?
 If in their light I walk away,
 I stumble not, 'tis light as day.
 But if I journey in the night,
 I stumble since there is no light.
 The Son of God spake all these things,

The Lord of lords, the King of kings.
 The sick one sleeps, again saith He.
 Say they : He must most safely be.
 For when one sleeps sickness must fly,
 There is no danger he will die.
 Sleep is the harbinger of health,
 It brings of blissfulness the wealth.
 They thought he spake of taking rest
 Which flows from slumber all the best.
 Then plainly to His friends He said :
 Our Lazarus, my friend, is dead.
 I was not there, I am right glad,
 Though many hearts are made so sad.
 To the intent you may believe,
 And all my heavenly words receive.
 I go that I may wake him up,
 And far remove this bitter cup.
 For Martha's heart and Mary's, too,
 Were rung with anguish through and through.
 The bitter cup few days they'd drink,
 And all their hopes within did sink.
 Him they had buried in the grave,
 Their brother now no one could save.
 Weeping around their friends had come,
 Trying to bless this saddest home.
 Then Thomas said : Come let us go.
 That we may join the common woe ;
 For if we must, then let us die,
 Defending Christ, Him we'll stand by.
 When Jesus came near to the town,
 Some hearts in grief were now bowed down ;
 Four days he'd lain within the tomb,
 Before the Lord Jesus had come.
 As soon as Martha heard, she ran,
 And to her Saviour thus began :
 O Saviour, dear, if you'd been here,

My brother had not died, that's clear ;
 And still whate'er of God you pray,
 He will at once your voice obey.
 He will most freely all things give,
 And so my brother may yet live.
 Christ saith : Thy brother yet shall rise,
 And dwell below the azure skies.
 I know he'll rise again, she saith,
 This is my firm, my strong belief.
 In the last resurrection day,
 When all, God's summons must obey,
 Then the archangel's trump they'll hear,
 All must before the Lord appear.
 So surely all must rise again,
 And immortality shall gain.
 I am the resurrection last,
 All life's in me, present and past.
 I am the life, the truth, the way,
 Which leads to an eternal day.
 He that believes on me, though dead,
 Yet shall he live, Christ Jesus said.
 Dost thou believe this cheering word ?
 To her, saith Jesus Christ, her Lord.
 I do believe thou art the Christ,
 This ruined world's great sacrifice ;
 I do believe that Thou hast come,
 To fit the vile for a pure home.
 To smooth the rough and rugged way,
 That men may walk to perfect day.
 That they may live in endless bliss,
 And drink from streams of holiness.
 She left the Lord and went her way,
 And called her sister secretly.
 The Master's come and calls for thee ;
 On hearing this, she starts quickly,
 And came to Christ the Holy Lamb,

Who bears this meek and lovely name.
 Doubtless His presence then so near,
 Was unknown to this sister dear.
 Her thoughts centred on her great loss,
 She hung like one upon the cross.
 The weepers, seeing this, then said,
 She's gone to weep o'er her loved dead ;
 Her comforters were mostly Jews,
 Who had not heard this joyful news ;
 Nor did they know that Christ had come,
 And now remained quite near her home.
 When Mary came and Jesus met,
 Prostrate she fell near at His feet.
 Saying : Lord, if thou hadst been here,
 My brother had not died, that's clear.
 When Jesus saw her flowing tears,
 The weeping Jews with saddened fears ;
 He groaned in soul, troubled in heart,
 He would not let them all depart.
 O, where have ye laid him ? He said.
 Come and see ; he's among the dead.
 Jesus wept. O, He wept for sin.
 Of death sin is the origin.
 It is the source of hell on earth,
 It is the source of hell beneath.
 Sin is the source of every woe,
 Whether in earth or hell you go.
 Made it has one Aceldama
 Of all the land and every sea.
 Then said the Jews : How him He loved,
 With what compassion is He moved !
 This man alive could He not keep,
 Whose death does make so many weep ?
 He who hath power to open eyes,
 And make the dead from dust arise,
 Could He not save this man from death,

And give him breath enough to breathe?
 Christ groans again ; comes to the grave,
 Where laid a stone upon a cave ;
 Take this away, Christ Jesus said :
 Let us have access to the dead.
 Martha broke in : He is defaced
 Corruption has his form displaced.
 Four days ago his spirit fled,
 Four days has he been with the dead.
 Jesus to her : Did not I say
 God's glory I would soon display?
 If you would but in me believe,
 And all my words in truth receive?
 They took the stone from off the cave,
 So they could see him in the grave.
 Then lifted up Jesus His eyes,
 And looked up towards the azure skies :
 Father, I thank thy precious name,
 That thou dost hear thy Son, the Lamb.
 I knew Thou hearest me always,
 And wilt reveal thy heavenly ways ;
 I said it that they may believe,
 And all thy righteous truths receive.
 These things He spake, and then He cried
 With a loud voice to him who died :
 Lazarus, come forth. And forth he came,
 With all the grave clothes, just the same
 As when they laid him in the tomb,
 Thinking from it he ne'er would come.
 Christ saith : Loose him and let him go,
 He is alive ; to you I show.
 Amazement seized the weepers round,
 Doubtless they fell upon the ground.
 Awaked to see their sinful state,
 To view their lost, their vile estate.
 For many on the Lord believed,

As they in heart these scenes received.
 They must have made the graveyard ring,
 With glory to their heavenly King.
 They must have pealed hosanna loud,
 From all the lips among the crowd.
 They could not well their joy restrain,
 But rolled it o'er and o'er again.
 The brother and the sisters, too,
 The skies must have pierced through and through.
 Such joy ne'er rolled through Bethany
 As moved all hearts in sympathy.
 The neighbors wondered with surprise,
 As if He fell beneath the skies.
 To circling towns the news soon sped,
 That Jesus Christ had raised the dead.

For days and weeks their house was filled
 With joy and peace, all hearts were thrilled
 With ecstasy and rapture keen,
 At what was heard, at what was seen.
 Nothing like this was ever known,
 In regions near or lands unknown.
 They gaze with wonder on the man,
 His speech, His life, His ways they scan.
 There went their way some of the Jews,
 To the chief priest to bear the news ;
 To tell the wonder they had seen,
 And all about the wondrous scene.
 They called the nation's Sanhedrim,
 To see what they should do with Him.
 For what do we, what signs? say they.
 This man does many every day.
 He heals the sick ; He cures the deaf ;
 And gives to all a sure relief.
 The dead He raises from the grave,

And calls them forth out of the cave.
 We never saw it on this wise,
 That man should make the dead arise
 Should we keep still, let Him alone,
 The Romans will set up their throne.
 Our nation they'll take all away,
 Conquer our land, make us obey.
 Our holy temple they'll destroy,
 And send us woe instead of joy.
 Our laws and rites they'll overthrow,
 And introduce dark scenes of woe.
 This holy people God did choose,
 And kept it for His sacred use.
 He loved it from our fathers' days,
 He's blessed this land in untold ways.
 Then rose Caiaphas, the Chief Priest,
 And gave advice which he thought best :
 Ye little know, nor understand
 What God will do by his right hand ;
 This year one man from earth he'll sweep.
 And all the nation safely keep.
 I prophesy that Christ will die,
 That we this man shall crucify.
 That He will gather into one,
 His ransomed saints whom He hath won.

XXX.

THE OPENING THE EYES OF TWO BLIND
MEN NEAR JERICHO.

Matt. xx., 29-34. Mark x., 46-52. Luke xviii., 35-43.

NEAR Jericho on a bright morn,
The light flashed, like as when 'twas born ;
Tinting the earth, the skies, the clouds,
When followed David's Son, vast crowds,
As in times past from place to place,
To see the wonders of His grace ;
To feed upon the richest food, —
For oft He fed the multitude ;
To listen to His matchless words,
And know He is the Lord of lords.
By the way-side two blind men sat,
Pleading with this man and with that,
For food to eat, for clothes to wear,
For they could not great burdens bear ;
They heard a bustle with loud noise,
They heard the crowds and one loud voice.
What does this mean? O, who are these
They buzz so much like nestling bees?
Said they to all the passers by,
And them addressed their earnest cry.
'Tis Jesus Christ, — the passers say, —
He's marching forth this charming day.
O Jesus Christ, thou David's son,
Come, pity us, thou blessed one —
They earnestly besought the Lamb,
And cried and called upon his name.
Them many charged to hold their peace,

And quiet keep,—their cry to cease.
 They cried the more, a great deal more
 Than any other time before.
 O Jesus Christ, thou David's Son,
 O pity us, thou heavenly one ;
 Rang in one continuous strain,
 Over the fields, and o'er the plain.
 These charges they would not obey,
 Nor listen to one word they say ;
 Upon their cry their hope depends,
 And not upon these transient friends.
 They knew if they could gain His ear,
 And He their plaintive voice should hear,
 He would restore to them their sight,
 And ope blind eyes to see the light.
 Jesus stood still, and called to them
 That they at once should come to Him ;
 Quickly to them, the crowd did say :
 O fly to Him, haste right away ;
 Be of good cheer, He calleth you.
 Their garments all away they threw,
 And rushed to Christ, the Lamb of God,
 Although in darkness yet they trod.
 The crowds gave way for them to come,
 Them then did Jesus Christ welcome,
 Although in rags — almost unclad, —
 He knew their hearts and minds were sad.
 To them He said : What shall I do,
 Can I console or comfort you ?
 Lord, that we may receive our sight,
 For long have we groped as in night.
 Lord, we believe thy power can give
 Our eyesight, which we can receive.
 His heart then moved with deepest love,
 Like that which dwelt in Him above.
 Touching their eyes, receive your sight,

And pass away, thou blackest night.
 So let it be as is your faith, —
 To them our Lord Christ Jesus saith.
 Forthwith they both received their sight,
 And quickly passed the shades of night.
 They followed Jesus in the way,
 And journeyed on from day to day ;
 Back home at once they did not go,
 Their hearts ablaze with joy did glow ;
 Their lips could not restrain their voice,
 Aloud did they in Christ rejoice ;
 They poured their hearts in gratitude,
 And joined forthwith the multitude ;
 Together each raised his loud song,
 And rolled his anthem all along ;
 The fields, the woods, the streets did ring,
 As they their loud hosannas sing ;
 The ancient Jericho ne'er knew
 Such strains of music as then flew ;
 The earth e'en trembled 'neath their feet
 With choral hymns when Christ they greet ;
 The arch of heaven, their sounding-board,
 Echoed with praises to their Lord.

Christ listened to the cry of need,
 And to it gave inviting heed.
 They honored Him as David's Son,
 Descending from the Holy One ;
 He did not hush their praising voice,
 But seemed in praises to rejoice.
 He was *the prophet* Moses spake,
 And all his honors He did take ;
 He wore them all with meek delight,
 As clothed with majesty and light,
 Commanded He, and it stood fast ;

It matters not creation vast.
 Let there be light — and there was light ;
 The earth in darkness saw how bright.
 He parts the deep of the Red Sea,
 While His dear people pass through free.
 Now Pharaoh's host tried the same way,
 Alas to them, 'twas their last day.
 Two men near Jericho cried loud ;
 Keep still, keep still, cries the whole crowd.
 Among them were the Pharisees,
 And doubtless many Sadducees.
 Rebuked they loud these two blind men.
 Christ praised they again and again.
 He calls them to Him and He saith :
 Be it according to your faith.
 Then opened He their dark, blind eyes —
 To the great wonder and surprise
 Of the vast crowds who stood near by,
 And ordered them to hold their cry.
 This wonder shows Christ's tender mind
 To these blind men and all mankind ;
 His boundless mercies never fail,
 But always, everywhere, prevail.
 The blind can see, the lame can walk,
 The deaf can hear, the dumb can talk,
 The palsied hear His mighty voice,
 The dead awake, in Him rejoice ;
 All nature does obey His laws,
 Heaven and earth promote His cause ;
 The winds and whirlwinds laugh to see,
 Their power spread over land and sea ;
 On cherubim and seraphim
 Full royally rode Christ, the King,
 And on the wings of mighty winds
 Came flying swift with fierce whirlwinds.

XXXI.

THE WITHERING OF THE FRUITLESS FIG TREE.

Matt. xxi., 17-22. Mark xi., 12-14, 20-24.

OF Passion Week on that Monday ;
Christ did this solemn scene display :
He cursed the fruitless, barren tree,
Which His disciples next day see
Dried up and withered all away,
Since it did not God's law obey.
That law proclaims fig trees must bear
Fruit first, and then their leaves may wear.
This tree reversed His supreme law,
First put on leaves, as Jesus saw.
For hungry came He to the tree,
When nought but leaves His eyes could see.
And what was stranger still to view,
That spring the leaves much earlier grew
Than was the wont in Palestine,
As could be by our Saviour seen ;
The leaves said plainly, we have fruit,
So He drew near His taste to suit ;
Nothing but leaves upon the tree
Most plainly taught hypocrisy.
He therefore cursed the fruitless tree,
To warn the Jews their guilt to see ;
To show to them their barren state,
And all their envy, spite, and hate,
For they nought but poor leaves do bear,
No fruit, — hypocrisy they wear.
They constant sit in Moses' seat —

At heart they do His laws defeat.
 In all the land of Palestine,
 A Jew was seldom to be seen
 Who kept at heart God's holy laws,
 Or tried at heart to serve His cause.
 From Malachi, three hundred years,
 They had no prophet, it appears.
 They would not serve the Lord, our God,
 Nor try to shun His iron rod.
 They did whatever pleased their eyes,
 They heard no angel from the skies.
 Hypocrisy filled every heart.
 In holiness no one took part,
 The land was a religious waste,
 To work deceit all men made haste.
 The Lord rebuked this fruitless tree,
 To cause each Jew himself to see
 This tree put on its leaves to show
 That fruit did on its branches grow :
 So Jews put on external show,
 That inward piety did grow.
 This tree deceived many a man :
 The Jews deceived in every plan.
 These leaves weeks earlier on this tree
 Called passers by its fruit to see.
 For none upon the tree was found,
 And none lay scattered on the ground :
 So all the Jews with outward show,
 Told all, their hearts were all aglow
 With inward piety and love,
 Sent in great mercy from above,
 But when the truth was clearly shown,
 And their black hearts were fully known,
 Their fruit was none, as all could see,
 Like leaves upon the fruitless tree.

When this was witnessed by Christ's friends,
 The fruitless fig-tree sudden ends,
 They marveled at the wondrous scene,
 Which had just now been by them seen.
 Christ to their wondering vision saith :
 In me and in my words have faith.
 The shock I gave this fruitless tree,
 And which you know was done by me,
 May yet be done by you who trust,
 And others who are called the just.
 Mountains into the sea shall roll,
 And ye shall hold supreme control
 Over the elements of earth,
 Which shall confess your priceless worth.
 Whate'er ye ask in solemn prayer
 Ye shall receive ; your God will hear.
 All things shall yield and you obey,
 As oft as you in faith shall pray,
 Faith is the engine which will roll
 Christ's mighty reign from pole to pole ;
 Will sweep the wicked down to hell,
 And leave the righteous here to dwell.
 Will fill the great unknown abyss,
 And bring the good to endless bliss.
 Before their time leaves on the tree,
 Declare plainly fruit there should be.
 For figs ere leaves, on fig-trees grow,
 As every one in Canaan knows.
 Now this tree showed hypocrisy,
 Showed leaves, showed no figs on the tree.
 Under the leaves should have been figs,
 And hanging full should be the twigs.
 And Jesus knew it should be so,
 Therefore He cursed the tree with woe
 To symbolize the Jewish race,
 With guileful hearts and smiling face ;

They did pretend the Lord to fear,
 And bring forth fruits on every year,
 And yet their lives were dark with sin,
 And all their hearts were black within.
 So leaves deceived the passers by,
 They told them a most wilful lie.
 So Jesus' friends this tree deceived,
 For from it they no fruit received.
 The nation, Jews, did Christ upbraid,
 When to that barren tree He said :
 Let no man eat fruit from this tree,
 For 'tis a tree which deceived me :
 So all this nation do deceive,
 They say they have much fruit to give ;
 Their leaves are fresh and beautiful,
 The twigs are hanging down all full.
 These are false sayings ; Christ did know
 They had no fruits, their works did show.
 This tree was cursed to let them see,
 Under the leaves no fruit can be.
 This symbol was of greatest use,
 To all the nation of the Jews.
 It opened all their eyes to see
 The measure of hypocrisy.
 They hid their eyes from all the light,
 And waded through the darkest night.
 They loved darkness rather than light,
 Concealed could they their works in night.
 This fig-tree should a lesson teach
 To all who do the gospel preach.
 To keep their hearts all pure and clean,
 And be all free from inner sin.
 The burden lies upon the heart,
 Cleanse it ; from every sin depart.

XXXII.

THE HEALING OF MALCHUS' EAR.

Luke xxii., 49-51.

How various were the Saviour's ways,
How changeable His earthly days ;
How earnest to redeem our race,
And to them give His saving grace.
Each toilsome day and sleepless night
He gave to them with great delight,
Unwearied zeal and faithful care,
Conjoined with ardent midnight prayer.
Seldom to friends whom He oft blest,
Said He : Aside now, turn and rest.
In all His walks throughout the land,
For God and heaven He took His stand.
Some deeds of mercy crown each day,
As o'er the land He wends His way.
He cheers some saddened hearts with joy,
And to them gives some sweet employ.
Some sinking ones He aids to rise,
Far, far above the azure skies.
Wide opens He the gates of bliss,
Look in and see the worlds of peace,
Says He to many sinking hearts,
Who fear they'll hear the word, Depart,
Because they are not born again,
Nor fitted with Jesus to reign.
But now the end of life draws nigh,
When Christ must rise above the sky.
He chooses Peter, John, and James
With Him to be distinguished names
And enters the Gethsemane

Before He hangs on Calvary.
 In anguish He pours out His soul —
 Such anguish He cannot control.
 My heart is sorrowful to death,
 O, I can scarcely keep my breath.
 If I must hang on Cavalry
 Blessed, blessed thy will shall be.
 So in the garden Chirst does pray,
 As He on earth prostrate did lay.
 To His three friends Christ Jesus said :
 O watch and pray lest ye be dead.
 O rise from hence and let us go,
 We now approach our dismal woe.
 Now Judas comes with savage bands,
 Doubtless near him Satan now stands.
 Judas runs up and kisses Christ,
 To show the ruffians Christ is first.
 In eager haste the ruffians ran
 To execute their hellish plan.
 Some one of them approached too near,
 One smote him and cut off his ear.
 Christ touched the ear and made it whole.
 Did He not touch the ruffian's soul?
 'Twas Peter who drew out his sword,—
 When Jesus spake a kindly word :
 Put up thy sword into its place,
 Let the strong sheath the sword embrace.
 For all who take the sword of death
 By this same sword shall lose their breath ;
 For whoso sheds the blood of man,
 His blood by man shall also run.
 A universal law is this,
 Designed to fill the earth with bliss ;
 Designed to warn the guilty man
 Who tries to form a hellish plan,
 To kill, to murder some rich one,

From whom his money can be won.
 He fears to die, he drops his plan,
 And will not kill his brother man.
 Oh Peter, suffer it thus far,
 For I have healed the ruffians ear.
 Shall I not drink the bitter cup,
 Drink to the dregs, yes, drink it up ;
 Upon the cross of Calvary
 Shall I not hang until I die ?
 It is my Father gives it me,
 O, Holy Father, I love Thee ;
 Thy righteous will I will obey,
 Though to the cross it leads to-day ;
 To follow thee it will be well,
 Though these obstruct both death and hell ;
 Just right dost thou do every thing,
 My death to heaven billions will bring ;
 My death will crowd all heaven full,
 For thou, O God, art merciful.
 O, Malchus is my enemy,
 I love him with kind sympathy.
 Would draw him up to perfect rest,
 To dwell forever with the blest ;
 Just so I'll do with all mankind,
 If they would to themselves be kind.
 Peter, what thinkest thou,— He saith,—
 Hast thou in me such living faith
 As to believe if I should pray,
 God would twelve legions send to-day —
 The mightiest angels round His throne,
 Who praise and bless His name alone ?
 How then can scripture be fulfilled
 How then can holy heaven be filled ?
 With sinful men of the vile race,
 When no one offers saving grace ?
 'Tis plain that all must sink to woe,

Who dwell upon our earth below.
 For sinners cannot find their way,
 To realms of everlasting day
 When burdened with the guilt of sin,
 And feel they are impure within.
 The bitter cup shall not I drink,
 And save the billions who would sink
 To endless woe, to endless pain,
 And never taste of life again?
 Oh yes, I'll drink the bitter cup.
 Will drink it to the dregs all up;
 Will hang upon the curséd cross,
 And suffer every kind of loss;
 Upon the mount of Calvary,
 Worse, oh worse then Gethsemane.
 I dread the scene, my senses shrink,
 And yet I love the cup to drink.
 'Twill thrill all worlds with perfect bliss,
 To see the ransomed human race,
 To see the miriads enter heaven,
 All pure, all just, all sins forgiven.
 'Twill lessen human misery,
 Yes, lessen human agony
 Far more than mightiest thought can reach,
 Or human language ever teach.
 Ten thousand thousand human tongues
 Can never celebrate its songs.
 Can never tell the wondrous peace
 Enjoyed by all the ransomed race.
 'Twill take a vast eternity
 To learn what will be wrought by me
 When on the cross I shall expire,
 And light the worlds with holy fire.
 It will sustain my aching head
 As I go down amongst the dead.
 Heaven will receive me back again.
 O'er the vast universe to reign.

XXXIII.

THE SECOND MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT
OF FISHES.

John xxi., 1-23.

UPON the Galilean sea,
A few disciples, Jesus, see ;
Among them Peter, John, and James,
Apostles with distinguished names.
Himself to them revealed Jesus,
It was His custom to do thus.
I go to fish, then Peter saith.
In him they had implicit faith :
We go with thee,—to him say they,—
Unite with thee will we this day.
The breeze blew softly o'er the sea,
The gentle waves o'er Galilee.
Far off into the deep sailed they,
And fished all night till break of day.
The time and place were opportune
To seize upon a small fortune.
And when the darkness was no more,
Christ Jesus stood upon the shore.
His few disciples knew Him not,
On Him new features death had wrought.
E'er since the resurrection day,
His form new features did display.
Like angels who new forms reveal,
With changing forms did Jesus deal.
To them saith Jesus : Have ye meat ?

They said : We have not aught to eat.
 We've labored and we've toiled all night,
 Until there broke the morning light.
 Nothing we've caught, not e'en a fish,
 To fill a plate or fill a dish.
 On the right side, O cast your net,
 And you shall find sufficient meat.
 You know the right side is the best,
 'Tis always given to your guest.
 So the right eye and the right hand,
 Take the best place, the highest stand.
 On to the right the net they cast,
 Enough they catch for a rich feast.
 They could not draw the net ashore,
 They toiled and toiled, and gave it o'er.
 John saith to Peter : 'Tis the Lord.
 When Simon Peter heard that word,
 Into the sea himself he threw ;
 He swam and waded through and through
 Until he reached the solid shore.
 The others in the ship sailed o'er.
 Of fishes great they dragged the net,
 At last upon the shore they met.
 As soon as they stepped on the land,
 They saw a fire of coals at hand :
 Fish was laid on the coals, and bread,
 Some food with which they could be fed.
 To them Christ saith : Bring what you've caught.
 When the large fishes Peter brought.
 Seven score, thirteen, within the net,
 And for all these the net broke not.
 Now Jesus had prepared a feast,
 Soon welcomes such His chosen guest.
 To them He saith : Come now and eat,
 For here is now sufficient meat.
 'Tis fresh and pure ; 'tis rich and good,

'Twill fill your frames with circling blood.
 Although the food was neat and plain,
 No feast on earth like this again.
 His form so changed, in doubt were they,
 Although this scene in open day.
 To ask Who art thou? no one durst,
 Supposing He was Jesus Christ.
 For no one spake such loving words,
 But He who is the Lord of lords.
 None can explain these scenic things
 But He who is the King of kings.
 They symbolize our earthly life
 Amidst this world of sin and strife.
 How oft we struggle, then give way,
 When Satan wins a poor fought day.
 Sometimes a conquest nearly gain,
 When back to sin it falls again.
 How in the Christian war we fight,
 And sometimes battle all the night,
 And do not win a single soul,
 Or bring him under Christ's control.
 Our life we struggle to maintain,
 And scarcely can this life sustain.
 We struggle on with weak attempt,
 And sometimes give it up at length.
 We feel 'tis useless so to fight
 And battle through the darkest night,
 But when we reach the heavenly shore,
 And all our works and toils are o'er,
 And all our griefs and sorrows past
 And we at home in heaven at last,
 We bid to sin and hell adieu,
 And the bright Paradise we view;
 When we shall flee Satan and sin,
 And be forever pure within,
 When done we shall be with this world,

And Satan down to hell be hurled,
 Then Christ will say : Come now and dine,
 Leave earth and be forever Mine.
 Come, children, to the marriage feast,
 Each one shall be My heavenly guest
 While endless ages roll away,
 And I maintain My rightful sway.
 Your thoughts can never reach the bliss
 Laid up in angel worlds of peace.
 And yet in ages still to come,
 It will be seen in your bright home.
 Eternity alone can tell
 The blessed glories which there dwell.
 Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard
 The supreme joys heaven will afford.
 And when they closed this earthly feast,
 And were well pleased as Jesus' guests,
 The conversation thus began,
 And through the circle sweetly ran :
 Above these things, lovest thou me
 Above these things you ought to be?
 To Simon Peter, saith the Lord,
 With sympathetic, earnest word.
 Thou knowest, Lord, that I love thee,
 In all things I would gladly be
 For thee,— saith Simon — in my need.
 Then saith Jesus : My lambs then feed.
 The second time : Lovest thou me?
 Yea, Lord, thou knowest I love thee,
 For I am thine in word and deed.
 Then said Jesus : My sheep now feed.
 O, the third time : Lovest thou me?
 Spake Jesus in deep sympathy.
 Peter was grieved : Thou knowest all things.
 For thou, O Lord, art King of kings ;
 Thou dost know I love thee indeed ;

Again Christ saith : My sheep then feed.
 Jesus, three times Peter denied,
 To Him three times Peter replied.
 And what thou knowest I will tell,
 And not at length upon it dwell.
 By prophecy I say to thee,
 Thy future full of griefs will be.
 When young thy pleasure thou didst do,
 The land thou passest through and through,
 Preaching the kingdom of thy Lord,
 And everywhere preaching the word ;
 In persecution didst rejoice,
 And lifted up thy happy voice.
 Shalt glory in the cross of Christ,
 Hard things to undertake thou durst.
 For thou shalt see My glory spread ;
 For many in their sins now dead,
 Shall wake from death to life divine,
 And be henceforth forever Mine.
 That wondrous Pentecostal day,
 Will usher in under My sway.
 Bold and heroic thou wilt be,
 When thou such wondrous scenes shalt see.
 Then follow peace and joy thy train,
 And anthems ring with sweetest strain.
 Many a year shall melt away,
 Before old age obtain full sway ;
 Age will come on, and so will grief,
 And thou wilt find but small relief.
 For persecute will wicked men,
 And sore inflict the sharpest pain ;
 They'll stretch thy hands upon the cross,
 And nail them there with painful loss ;
 Upon the cross they'll gird thy frame,
 And try to tarnish thy good name ;
 Where thou wouldst not, they'll carry thee,

For thee amazing woes will be.
 To die to thee would be great gain,—
 Emancipated from all pain.
 Its gates heaven would wide open throw,
 And thou wouldst leave all woes below.
 Now leave these thoughts and follow me,
 For deep afflictions still wait thee.
 To Simon Peter thus said Christ,
 Who was from the beginning first.
 To Jesus Christ then Peter spake :
 What portion will this man now take ?
 For he beheld John coming on,
 With joy he walked the road along.
 What matters it if he shall stay
 Till I shall come some future day ?
 To Peter did Jesus reply.
 Abroad this saying then did fly,
 That this loved John should never die
 But still remain beneath the sky
 Till once again Jesus should come
 His weary bride to take her home,
 But Christ said not : He shall not die ;
 But, if I pleased, beneath the sky
 Let him remain till I shall come,
 And see that each shall have a home ;
 Till each shall see my glory spread
 All o'er the land where they shall tread.
 These came to pass in future years,
 With earnest work, with bitter tears.
 God poured His Holy Spirit down,
 And did their faithful labors crown.
 The Pentecost did Peter see,
 When thousands bowed and bent the knee ;
 Upon the holy mount they saw
 Two unseen prophets near them draw.
 Christ's glory dazzled o'er the sun,

And for some hours in splendor run.
 O'ershadowed them the glory cloud,
 And from it came sweet voices loud :
 This is my well beloved Son,
 I am well pleased with what He's done.
 When Peter toiled some happy years,
 The wicked brought him down to tears.
 Upon the cross in deep distress,
 He passed out of this wilderness
 Up to the world of endless light,
 There to rejoice in joy-delight.
 The lovely John some years remained
 Since to the cross Peter was chained.
 Upon an island him they cast,
 And there in peace his days he past.
 His Revelations there he wrote,
 In it the Romish church he smote.
 Surprising wonders he relates,
 Surprising to their unknown fates.
 And when he served his years on earth,
 And much the world beheld his worth
 God took him home to Paradise,
 Far, far beyond the azure skies.
 Where he now dwells in perfect bliss
 In angel worlds in perfect peace.

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